



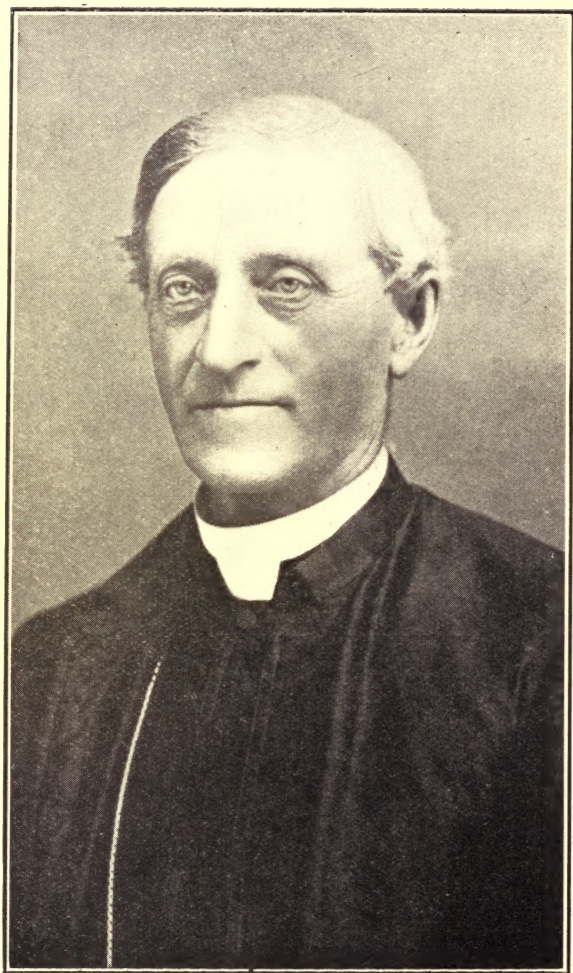
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The
Grand Old Man
of
Dudswell



By
May Harvey Drummond

(Batters p. 359) 5. —



THOMAS SHAW CHAPMAN, M. A.

THE GRAND
OLD MAN OF DUDSWELL

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF DUDSWELL

BEING

THE MEMOIRS OF THE
REV. THOS. SHAW CHAPMAN, M.A.

RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
MARBLETON.

BY
MAY HARVEY DRUMMOND

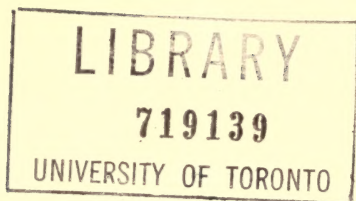
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PREFATORY NOTE

THE issue of this little volume may be taken as the fulfilment of a task undertaken to preserve the memory of a pioneer in the early religious life and economic activities of the Eastern Townships. The work is to be sold, for the most part, by subscription; and whatever profit may be realized from the sales, after the printer is paid, will be placed in the hands of Mr. Chapman's two daughters, to be made use of as they deem best for themselves. Good Cheer Lodge, as their abode is called, was left to them by their revered father; and, these memoirs, virtually emanating from that home, so redolent with the memories of "The Grand Old Man of Dudswell", as he is called on the title page, may

recommend themselves to the people of the Townships, not from any literary merit they possess, but from the desire embodied in them of preserving for posterity the story of a good man's life.

M. H. D.

INTRODUCTION

By DR. J. M. HARPER

TO BE GIVEN the opportunity of writing an introduction to Mrs. William H. Drummond's biography of the Rev. Thomas Shaw Chapman comes to me as a double pleasure. The husband of Mrs. Drummond, the author of "The Habitant", and myself were related for a long period of years as "friend to friend"; while Mr. Chapman's friendship was something which I prized as seemingly heaven-sent,—enhanced as it was, by a keen appreciation of William Henry Drummond's bonhomie and talent as a pourtrayer of human nature in the original. I often used to say, in the hearing of Mr. Chapman, that the Drummonds, husband and wife, had not all the literary talent on the one

side, the one being really the complement of the other, as appreciative literary helpmeets; and Mrs. Drummond's own literary productions, since her husband's death, have manifestly proven this.

I shall never forget my first meeting with the Rev. Thomas Shaw Chapman of Marbleton. The story which has been told in the pages that follow of Mr. Chapman's own arrival, in the early years of the Quebec Central, at the Marbleton railway station, as he strove with his hand upon the brake of the train while it reeled and staggered under the strain of Edward Lothrop's time-making piston-rod, recalls vividly my own experience of the last stage of the trip between Quebec and Marbleton. I had never visited the Dudswell district before. The winter days were at their bitterest, and a heavy snow-storm had all but buried the station buildings, when I drew near

to them from the end of the platform, after the train had passed on towards Dudswell Junction. The station-master had never seen me before, and neither had I ever seen him. And, when I asked him how I was to reach Marbleton over two miles of snow-impeded road, the little man smiled rather enigmatically and shook his head. This led to a discussion of "ways and means" which was depressingly interesting to me, to say the least of it. I could not get to Marbleton that night, save on foot, he told me, since the village stage had evidently forgotten to arrive. There was no sleeping place for me near at hand, unless I chose the shelter of the waiting-room. The cold was becoming intense, as I discovered every time I opened the door to peer out into the night, while improvising punctuating marks for the question-and-answer conversation which I did my best to keep up

with the little station-master. I was certainly in at the opening chapter of an adventure. And it was not until later on, while the station-master was preparing to lock up for the night, that a second chapter was inaugurated, by the appearing, out on the platform, of a man attired in a black fur-coat, well powdered with snow. The man was going back to Marbleton, he said, as soon as he had received a box or two of freight at the hands of the station-master; and it was not long before I had made up my mind and the man's too, that I was going to Marbleton with him.

And no more can I ever forget that drive of two and a half miles on a box-sled, nor the several times we got off the road, nor the final collapse of the sled as we arrived in the village, nor the welcome which I eventually received at the hands of the Rev. Mr. Chapman, the Anglican minister of

the place, while I was taking my breakfast next morning in the dining-room of the village-hotel. I had had a good night's rest, cold as my primitive bedroom was; but the warmth of Mr. Chapman's greeting made up for it all. The thermometer had made up its mind to go down among the thirties; and, when the morning hours were followed by the noon and afternoon hours, and the message went abroad from the post-office that all the trains on the Quebec Central Railway had been cancelled for the time being, I found myself in the evening a prisoner at the parsonage—the predecessor of "Good Cheer Lodge"—where I cemented a life-lasting camaraderie with my host, the pastor in active service of the diocesan parish of Dudswell.

Mrs. Drummond has given us a vivid picture of "The Grand Old Man of Dudswell" as she calls him, for which all of us cannot but be ever

grateful. She has not given all, perhaps, that could be gathered about Mr. Chapman, but she has given what was needed to shed a lasting light on what the story of the good man's life stood for, in his day and generation. During his later years, he did not fail to invite me to be present with him at several of the public functions which, under his oversight, tended so much to warm up the local interest in what the pioneers of the countryside had done for it. At one of these celebrations I came in touch with all who knew Mr. Chapman as a pastor, a citizen, and a man; and the consensus of the throng in attendance at it, who had come from all parts of the middle St. Francis region, to commemorate the coming of the first of the families as residents in Dudswell, was one that I have put on record in a booklet entitled "The Seer of Silver Lake", the burden of which Mrs. Drummond

has thought fit to give a place in this her latest work.

As pastor-in-active-service, as well as pastor-emeritus, Mr. Chapman was ever faithful to his church duties. His old white mare was a familiar object for years and years on the country roads leading from the village proper to the outlying sections of the county; and, often and again, he would take me round in his summer waggon or winter sleigh to make me more and more familiar with the details of the Dudswell environment, in the persons of the settlers, young and old, as well as in the folklore compiled by those who had been born and brought up in the vicinity of what was then known as Bald Peak, and the adjoining range of the Stoke Mountains. No more of a fitting memorial could have been thought of for the pioneer clergyman who had selected the region centred by Dudswell Lake, as a home for himself

as well as for his contemporaries and those coming after him—no more of a lasting compliment could have been paid to him, than by naming after him the highest promontory of the range, Mount Chapman, instead of Bald Peak. And much of the folklore that came my way during these rambles, from the supernatural to the very ordinary gossip, made and still makes a memorial fringe, for me, as I think of the good old parson's personality. He had "mind o' the biggin" of this church and that school-house, this highway and that railway track; he had explored the St. Francis River in all kinds of sailing craft, when there was not a farm-steading near this creek or around the mouth of that tributary. The whole district seemed to be his very own, as he talked of this lumber track, or of that limestone ledge, or of the sedge of gold brought down the hillsides by the streams.

For years he had had the pastoral oversight of the whole valley, and the interests of all of his parishioners had become stereotyped in his mind as his own belongings.

In nearly everything he tried to accomplish, he had a way of his own in bringing others to see things as he saw them. There was nothing of the dogmatic about him, steadfast as he was in carrying out his plans for the good of all. He could institute a reform, without turning a hair of an opponent's prejudice into wrath. For instance, one Sunday I was at church with him. We were sitting in what was known as the ex-parson's pew. The service was being read at such a running pace, that I found it impossible to get my elocution to keep pace with the hum of the congregation in which there was certainly no elocution, whatever of the sincere devotional there was in it. For a moment I tried

to keep up with the hurried hum; but my voice was always to be heard as a sort of a dragging out of the same; and so I judiciously ceased in my attempts to take a vocal part in the responses. At dinner the matter came up for conversation, and Mr. Chapman said he had also often been hindered in giving a proper solemnity to the words of the Prayer Book. And so, as in other matters, he made a practical suggestion that at the evening service, he would join with me in reading the responses as they ought always to be read, slowly and deliberately and solemnly; and this we were to do, no matter how far we fell short of the vocal rigmarole pace of the congregation. The first to notice our seeming deficiency in keeping fast time with the rest, was the minister at the desk, who it has to be confessed had also a hurried manner of reading the service, as if it were only a matter of getting

through with a task. The issue was that the minister, when he joined us in the evening in the parlor of Good Cheer Lodge for an after-service conversation, brought the matter up of his own accord; and, when Mr. Chapman, as the senior of all of us, had given his views as to the most seemly way in which the service ought to be read in every Anglican Church in the land, his successor in the pastorate of Dudswell agreed with him and promised a reform which he would inaugurate from the lectern on the following Sunday.

- This anecdote illustrates in the most luminous way Mr. Chapman's methods of pastoral administration, while he was in office. He was ever gentle in his pleadings for a change in any use-and-wont, and could always locate the line of least resistance as he proceeded
- to carry out any reform for the betterment of the community. This he was all but sure to locate, not only in his

moral and religious missionary ventures, but in his co-operation with others to improve the physical conditions of life all over his parish. And of this Mrs. Drummond has given us instance after instance. If the incomes of his neighbours on the farm or in the forest, or down by the lake side or riverside could in any way be ameliorated, Mr. Chapman was nearly always on hand with a suggestion in which a genuine common-sense had its mission of help to see after. And, when it came to the providing of an education for the young, he was, even more than in any other enterprise, first and foremost in seeing to the building of school-houses and the providing of them with the best of support by the community.

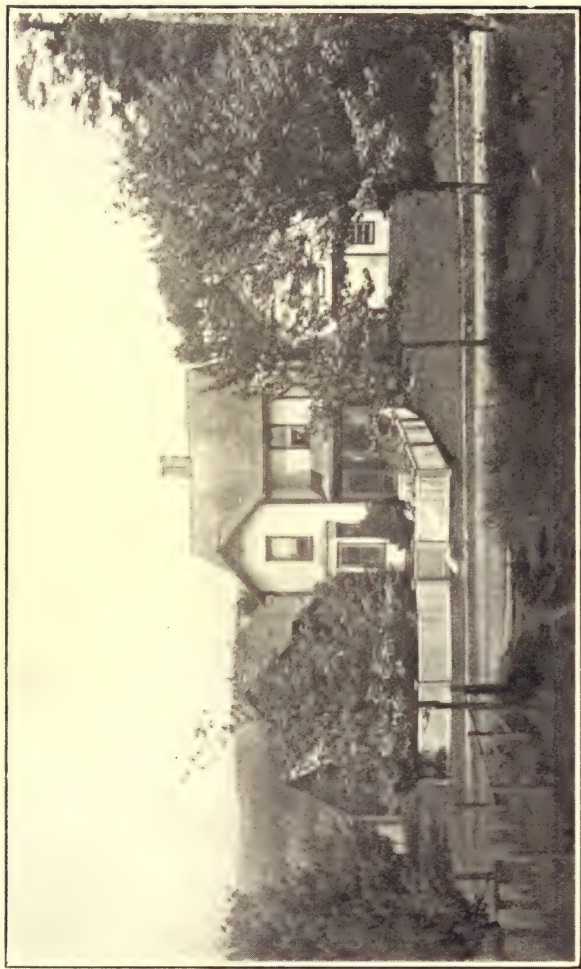
And, with it all, he never seemed to lose his personal popularity, no matter how strenuous he was or persistent in reaching out to success for his well-

meaning plans. Indeed, his whole career may be taken for an example by any clergyman who would honestly strive to be an elder brother among his people. His Anglicanism was but a means to an end in the furthering of the one and only Christism there is. The forms of churchism were with him but the secondary to the more seriously fundamental, which latter was ever his to foster and illuminate by his daily walk and conversation.

A conversation with him was always a quickening to one's soul. He had read and studied the literature that makes a full man; he had travelled in the Anglo-Saxon sections of the world, sufficient to make of him a man of the world, that is, a broad-minded citizen; he had made use of his pen and voice in taking part in a wholesome public opinion, enough to give him a safe logical turn of mind, in which the fault-finding of the parochialist was all

but entirely eliminated. He knew, as if by instinct, the callous airs of the shallow thinker, and did not always refrain from probing that gentleman's views on things, general and particular, with "pins and needles" of dry humour, in which, of course, there was no trace of malice or self-agrandisement. And, when once he turned the conversation, as he often would, in the direction of his travelling experiences, his comradeship had about it for me a verve that made one's heart feel good. He had once made a visit to London, England, and a whole chapter of incidents were his to retail as he told of his first and only visit to the motherland. And when he one day dwelt upon the memorable trip he made in his later years to British Columbia, the pathos of his misfortune in the death of his dear wife at Marbleton, while he was with his friends on the Pacific Coast, added an emotional phase to the whole story





GOOD CHEER LODGE, MARBLETON

that could not but move one's heart to its inmost fibre.

Two of his college friends, the late Colonel J. Bell Forsyth and the Rev. Isaac Thompson, were always glad to speak lingeringly of the early days wherein Mr. Chapman was in at the beginning of things within and around Bishop's College, at Lennoxville. They had many an anecdote to tell of their old friend while yet he was struggling, with only incompetent means, to make a scholar and a man of himself. When that gentleman undertook to do a thing, they used to tell me of him, there was little or no influence to turn him from his course of well-doing. And I had a pertinent illustration of this characteristic on a small scale, as it was in him even when old age had laid its weighty hand upon him.

Mr. Thompson and I were on a visit at Good Cheer Lodge one year, at the time the Dudswell Fair was being held

on one of the fields of the old Chapman Farm. The ladies of the Marbleton congregation had a refreshment table on their hands, the profits from which were to be devoted to church purposes. Mr. Chapman, feeble as he was at the time, had prepared an announcement on a large piece of cardboard that was to draw guests to the enclosure wherein meals were to be served. By some mischance or oversight the advertisement card, which had to be tacked to one of the trees near by the highway, had been left behind in Good Cheer Lodge. Mr. Chapman at the time was in the hands of the doctor, who had ordered him to keep to the house; while Mr. Thompson had been left, semi-officially as it were by the Miss Chapmans, to see that the doctor's orders were obeyed during their absence at the Fair. At length, when the patient discovered that the cardboard advertisement had

been left behind, Mr. Thompson had his work cut out for him to allay the nervousness of his old schoolmate of the strong will power. By and by, Mr. Chapman was on his feet searching for something or other in the dining-room and beyond it. That advertisement was not going to be neglected. First a hammer had to be found, and then the necessary tacks had to be searched for, though under the pretense that something else was being searched for. And when these were found there was no remonstrance strong enough to keep Mr. Thompson's dear old comrade of the strong will out of his overcoat, as a pretended preliminary to his going out on to the verandah for an airing. And, to make a long story short, the incident did not close until Mr. Chapman had walked as far as the Fair Grounds, and with his own hand had nailed the placard on the appointed tree. The will had got the

better of the physical and all those in authority over it, though I regret to say that the old man had to take to his bedroom for some days to recuperate his waning strength that had now so few resources of health to draw from.

Mrs. Drummond has given, in the pages that follow, the material requisite for the readers to weave a very attractive picture of "The Seer of Silver Lake". And the good folks of the Dudswell Valley and of the Eastern Townships near and far from it, cannot but give a hearty welcome to her work. Mr. Chapman was as much a Sherbrooke man as a Dudswell pastor; and whatever Mrs. Drummond has written about one of themselves surely deserves to be read by them and repeated in the hearing of their children.

The "Good Roads Movement" was an enterprise which brought for a time into the public eye, two public-spirited

men, each labouring for the better comforts of the public at large. These were the Hon. Justice Lynch and Mr. Chapman. From their modest though energetic endeavours there has been matured a governmental policy for the Eastern Townships whereby the towns and villages have become but part of the larger towns and cities. What Mr. Chapman did on a small scale for his parishioners is now being done for every district in the land. Mr. Chapman, like Judge Lynch, spared not his time or energy in getting the movement in favour of better roads inaugurated. And it was in the same way that Mr. Chapman spent his energies in favour of having direct railway connection between Quebec and Sherbrooke built along the line of the River St. Francis, thus giving him a further place in the wider circle of provincial prominence. Still in all our memories, he remains the pioneer mis-

sionary, the faithful pastor, the humble worker in the realm of rural progress, the more than ordinary man labouring for the advancement of the ordinary in country life,—altogether a man reaming over with warm sympathies and good works, one true to the spirit of well doing in behalf of the well-being of those who valued his oversight. Such a blend of honest endeavour and persevering good-will in one personality cannot but enlist our admiration for the man whom Mrs. Henry Drummond has written of in this volume of reminiscence in such a worthy way.

J. M. HARPER.

CHAP. I.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF DUDSWELL

TO BE SUITED to one's environment is perhaps the greatest blessing which can fall to the lot of man; but the ability to suit oneself to one's environment is evidence of exceptional character.

In the pioneer days of old the environment could scarcely have suited any human being, for, as one of the pioneers of Dudswell once very truly said, "to subdue the earth and replenish it is a task the enormity of which can only be realized by those who have accomplished it; while the many whose lives have been sacrificed fruitlessly in the endeavour, bear silent witness no less convincing."

The wonder is that so many hearts have been found stout enough to brave the terrors of an unknown wilderness where savage men,

as well as the forces of nature combine to threaten the usurper with torture and death. But the curse laid upon the sons of Adam is inexorable, and, when the old ground becomes over-populated, man must ever seek the new that he may still earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

To-day there are rising signs of revolt against this ancient mandate; and, while man still labours and lives by the sweat of his brow, it is the cities with their factories and shops which call to him and for which he forsakes the land won from savage man and wild beast and climatic rigours by his forbears, who, to the peril of their lives, worked and struggled in these oldest-time unclaimed forest regions, in order that they might leave a heritage to their heirs.

However, by the year 1823, in which this story begins, the Indians had disappeared from the banks of the St. Francis River and the County of Richmond, with its Townships of Brompton, Cleveland, Melbourne, Shipton, Stoke and Windsor. As far back as this, these districts were already sparsely settled, as were also many others of the Eastern Townships.

We have no knowledge of the motive force

which induced Thomas Chapman, an Englishman by birth, to leave his home in a peaceful country for this venture in a strange land, nor yet why he chose the County of Richmond as his abiding place; but, from what we know of his character, we are justified in believing, that the conditions which might have acted as a deterrent to another of less forceful character than his, formed just the stimulus which had urged this man of iron will and muscle to venture forth.

Taking with him his wife and four children, two boys and two girls, he set sail for Canada, landing at Quebec in the month of October, 1823, during one of the severest snow storms on record. But no storm could have power over Thomas Chapman to deter him from the purpose which had brought him so many miles—nothing short of death could do that, and he conquered before he died.

Settling on a piece of ground on the banks of the St. Francis River between Richmond and Windsor Mills, Thomas Chapman proceeded at once to build a house and clear a farm. He was a great worker, expecting as much from those under him; so that it was not long before the family were comfortably established in a house without architectural

pretensions it may be, but suited to their needs.

On the 10th January a fifth child, the subject of this sketch was born; and, to a note of his birth made later by himself, we find these words attached, "in Melbourne, County Richmond". Whether or no the family were already installed in their new home when this event happened is doubtful, as the spot on the banks of the St. Francis River, pointed out as the pioneer home of the Chapman family, lies on the opposite side of the river from Melbourne.

The earliest recollections of his childhood which Thomas Shaw Chapman retained, seem to have been of incessant work,—work at school to which he had to walk miles daily and from which he returned in the evening, only to take up some task around the house or farm. In these early days when the ambition of most boys centres around a sword and cocked hat, or a fireman's helmet, the ambition of Thomas Shaw Chapman was to "hoe as many potatoes as a grown man." This was a desire which his father and taskmaster could readily sympathise with, to the extent that the lad was eventually given a piece of ground on which he was told he

might raise a crop to his own advantage. The little fellow went at his work with a will; but alas! when the potatoes were ready for digging the father claimed them all without rewarding the boy, who, it appears, never forgot the incident.

It might almost be said that this lad had no childhood in any but the physical significance of the word, for his young body knew no respite from labour, and of his playtime there is no record.

Only one other incident of his early youth has come down to us; but it goes to show how truly the boy was father to the man to be. For this reason it is of some little interest. His second sister Sarah seems to have been his special companion—playmate we cannot honestly call her,—and it is related of them that on one occasion, when they had been sent to clean knives by the good old fashioned method of sticking the blades into damp earth and drawing them back and forth, Sarah, plying her work with undue vivacity, snapped the blade in two,—an incident which plunged the children into depths of despair. The young girl, as women-children will, began to cry, in a way that was too much for the tender heart

of manly little Thomas, who, to comfort his sister, promised to shoulder all the blame for the accident. He kept his word; and it was only the expected which happened when his father gave him a whipping, from which none of the characteristic vigour of the old man was by any means lacking. From all accounts, the woman-child would have been wiser had she accepted her punishment in the first place, for the sting of the birch wears out in time while the lash of conscience never lets up, and in a letter of recent date, Sarah, now an old lady, alludes to the event in terms of remorse.

Jane Armstrong, wife of Thomas Chapman the immigrant, a Scotch woman by birth, bore six children to her husband. The eldest of this family was William, next to him came another boy, James, and then two girls, Ann and Sarah, all of whom were born in the old country. Thomas Shaw the "flower of the flock", was followed by a little sister, Mary, who died in infancy. When Thomas was still but a small boy, his mother died after a lingering illness, throughout which she had, for faithful nurse, her little son who was destined to minister to many sick-beds, and be the last ray of comfort to many a passing

soul. With what tenderness and self-sacrificing devotion he watched over his beloved mother, we can easily guess from the records of his subsequent ministrations.

The father married again, giving the children a step-mother of whom we know, that while worthy in all respects, she was not in sympathy with one at least of her step children. She had little love for young Thomas and took no thought, such as his own mother had done, for the weary little feet which plodded faithfully in all weathers to school over the dreary country roads, or the tired little body which came home in the evening worn and shivering. There was no respite however; and so Tom would shed his packet of books in some remote nook only to turn to some other duty not less heavy. In many, such a training would have bred bitterness of character; but in this strong soul, out of suffering grew only sympathy and that calm determination of spirit which, in his latter years earned for him the title of "The Grand Old Man of Dudswell".

Of this second marriage were born two sons, Robert and Sam, the latter at his father's death becoming possessor of the home farm, which he subsequently sold.

Some time after the settlement of this branch of the Chapman family a brother-in-law of Thomas Chapman also came to Canada with his family: but before he could make arrangements for them on a farm of their own, he died, leaving a widow and three girls. For the accommodation of these, Thomas Chapman built a cottage on his own farm where they lived for some years. Thus it was that Thomas Shaw and his cousin Jane Early grew up together and became so much attached that later the relationship was developed eventually into the closer one of man and wife.

There must have been much of the same strength of character in the Early family as there was in the Chapman, for as soon as they were old enough, the three daughters of Widow Early started out to earn a living for themselves. Getting employment in a cotton factory at Lowell, Mass., they became independent and able to support their mother, whom they took to live with them.

This did not break the link between the cousins, who it seems kept up a correspondence, the results of which were very far-reaching indeed.

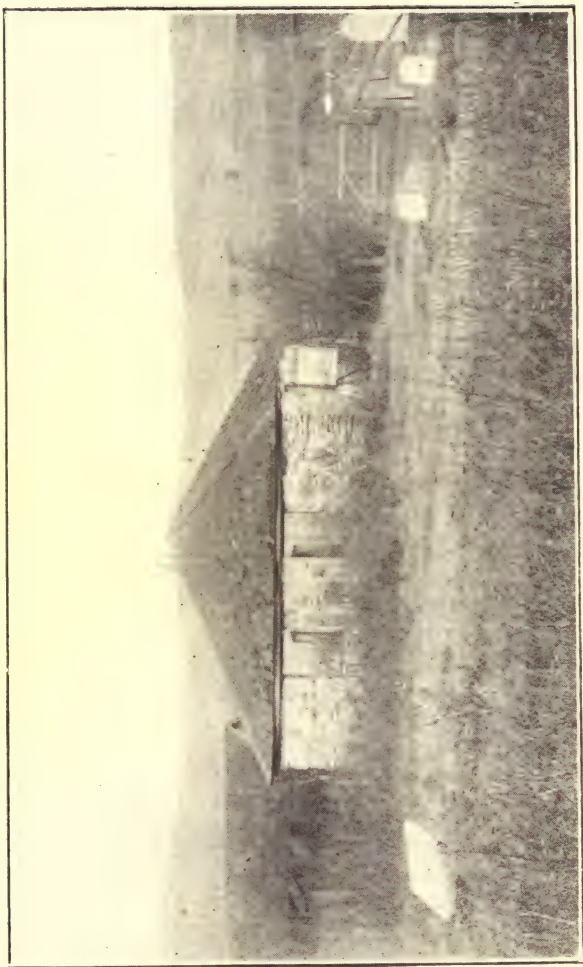
CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

FROM an article by Dr. John Hayes of Richmond I quote the following account of the school at Melbourne which was responsible for the early training of our hero: "According to the best authorities, the old stone school house of Melbourne must have been built between 1820 and 1830. Beautifully situated on the St. Francis River near where the iron railway bridge now spans its banks, it still stands as a monument to a past generation. To Melbourne and the Townships it is what the Chateau de Ramezay is to Montreal, a relic of our earliest history. In the early days it was the social and religious centre of the settlement; for, prior to the erection of church edifices proper, the log school house and its stone successor furnished a common meeting place for worship. There the different denominations met in turn, as the itinerant preacher came to his charge.

The Rev. Willard Bartlett, a Baptist clergyman who resided in the district, and whose parish extended to near Stanstead, the Rev. William Lyster, Prof. Craig-Baynes of McGill, James Patterson of Detroit, the Rev. Jas. Orrocks, a celebrated Advent divine of Ulverton but later of Boston, Rev. S. Nicholls and T. Hall, and others have held service there down to recent date. In the cemetery in the rear of this venerable relic of a past generation, lie in peaceful slumber many of the early settlers of the district."

A recent writer says, "The thought of letting the old stone school house fall and disappear amid the growing bushes and weeds, seems repugnant. It would seem like the tearing down of a sacred shrine hallowed by the tears and prayers, the joy and sorrow, the beginning of life and the laying down of its burden, of a whole community. Surely the sordid commercial spirit of the age has not deadened our hearts to the silent, insistent call of the past. Let the old stone house with its hallowed memories ever stand as a reminder of the days when good and true men did their duty for the sacred cause of education. Will not some local Morgan



OLD STONE SCHOOL HOUSE AT MELBOURNE

rescue the old school house from the increasing ravages of time?"

With regard to those who taught in these schools of the Eastern Townships, Dr. Hayes tells us, "In the absence of a definite school system, these early educational efforts in Canada were purely voluntary. When a number of inhabitants felt the need of a school, a subscription list was opened for the purpose of raising sufficient means wherewith to pay the salary of some person who should be selected to conduct the proposed school. One form of assistance was the practice of boarding the teacher for a period in turn, according to the number of pupils the person sent to the school. Another plan was by supplying the necessary fuel for the school-room. Subscriptions were frequently paid in produce, especially when the teacher was a householder with a family; and it was by these and other means, with only a small portion of the salary paid in cash, the teacher managed to eke out a living. The studies pursued were, reading, writing and arithmetic and little else. Occasionally geography and grammar were taught."

At the age of eighteen Thomas bade farewell to the elementary school at Melbourne

and entered Dr. Edward Chapman's Classical Academy at Lennoxville, May 1842. Continuing his preparation under Dr. Henry Miles till September 1845, he at last entered Bishop's College as one of its first students, under Dr. J. H. Nicholls, who had come from England to take up the duties of principal of this new educational venture.

Thomas Chapman was a self-supporting student and turned his hand to any occupation, providing always it was honest, by which he could earn money for his keep and tuition. He made tables and chairs which he sold, and for which it is certain the purchasers paid no more than their just worth, perhaps not even that, for it was one of the excellencies of this man's character that he always respected his work, no matter how lowly it might be. He also taught school in Sherbrooke and we may be sure morals were inculcated at the same time that arithmetic and the other two R's were; for he held that unless accompanied with ethical training, book learning could only "make of the students, clever devils."

We also hear of him as the college barber, keeping the heads of his fellow students trim and in good order, and only once grumbling

in a jocular way, when called upon one day to shear the over abundant curly crop of an Irish lad which was difficult of manipulation.

During their early student days, he and another lad lived in a building in the Rev. Mr. Doolittle's garden, and interesting stories may be gleaned of the escapades of these two. The rigorous regime of his early youth had not bereft Thomas Chapman, junior, of his inherent love of fun and adventure. Nor of courage was there any lack in him. There is the story of a bet made with the other students that he would cross the swift Mas-sawippi river in a wash-tub with a broom handle for paddle; and it is on record that he made the venture and won the bet. We who knew him well, can picture the tall spare form of the embryo divine kneeling in that tub, the dexterous hand guiding it with the slender broom stick and the face resolute, serene and calm, with the certainty of victory. His motto throughout his school days was "Never give up the ship", a motto which he ever lived up to in after days.

The following June, the chums were able to move over to the new college building on the other side of the river.

As he only remained at college the allotted

time, we may safely conclude that Thomas Chapman was as ambitious in his studies as he had formerly been about the hoeing of potatoes. Neither did his mental and moral rectitude forsake him in the new freedom of college life; and to the close of his days, his "end of the stick" was uppermost. It would almost seem as though Fate with unquestionable wisdom singles out the strong for the bearing of the burdens of life, though not of all can it be said as it can be of him, that their every effort was put forth, not in the accumulation of wealth, for he died poor, nor yet in ambitious climbing to higher places, for he ended his days as a country clergyman, but in the wise and unflinching service of the Master whose banner he had elected to march under. His whole life was one grand endeavour in the cause of humanity, wherever he happened to be, sparing neither himself nor yet those nearest and dearest to him to keep on in the path of duty. Sometimes in his life's history we come across pages from which the unknowing might infer a disregard for the well-being of his loved ones, but we who were his friends can bear different testimony, knowing that in his life, the immortal lines of Lovelace were verified:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

We may perhaps exchange the word honour in the above for that of duty; but after all the honourable man is he who never shirks his duty, so we may as well leave it as it is.

Mr. Chapman, indeed, seldom made use of quotations, preferring to express himself in his own words. Nor yet was he overfond of poetry. "Figures are poetry to me", he told one of his friends, and he preferred the working out of a mathematical problem to the study of verse. Yet he was widely read, and conversant with all the best in English literature, besides being a good Latin and Greek scholar.

One cannot doubt the great and good influence of such a man on his fellow students and the record of their appreciation of his exceptional worth has been left to us in the "round robin" which they offered him at parting. It runs as follows:—

"To T. S. CHAPMAN, Esq.,

Student, Bish. Coll.:—

Bishop's College, Dec. 18th, 1841

Dear Sir:—

Permit us, your fellow students, to express our unfeigned regret that an intercourse so

familiar, so prolonged, and, in many respects so agreeable as ours has been, must now be dissolved by your departure; while at the same time, we rejoice that you are about to enter on the sacred profession for which you have been preparing, the consequent duties of which we earnestly pray, you may be enabled to perform with credit to yourself and lasting advantage to our Holy Church.

Permit us also to bear merited testimony to the becoming gravity and reverence of your deportment during your residence at college; to express our sense of obligation for the kind concern you take in the advancement of this institution; your earnest admonitions to cultivate the heavenly virtues of charity and forbearance; and your judicious counsel to take warning by past errors, and to encourage to a great extent, a spirit of fraternal unity. Sincerely do we hope that we may be enabled to realize the inexpressible advantages of such a course. And thus when launched on the troubled sea of life, and when harassed with its attendant cares and anxieties, instead of the remembrance of our college days exciting additional unhappiness and regret, we should be enabled to recur with the purest satisfaction to days of comparative

innocency, of honourable and useful employment, of humanizing and refining intercourse, and, above all, of youthful high-souled life-long friendship—the dearest, worthiest boon of heaven. O happy retrospection in Memory's gaze; blessed oasis in life's rude waste; bright resting-point in our earthly career.

And now, dear Sir, be assured that you carry with you our kind regards and best wishes, and that our most fervent aspiration will ascend to the Giver of all good, that He may guide your future course, and ever keep you in His holy protection and enable you to fulfil with joy that sacred ministry the responsibilities of which you are about to assume."

JOHN CARRY.

To this spontaneous tribute Mr. Chapman replied with a characteristic letter which has also come down to us and which runs as follows:—

"Dear Fellow Students:—

The time has at last arrived at which I must bid you a final adieu. It is with no small degree of satisfaction that I recount the days of pleasure and comfort which I have

spent with some of you within these, though not time-honoured, yet to me much respected walls. As long as I live shall the memory of the fair and quiet spot be dear to my mind. Believe me, it is like a second rending of the ties which bound me to my paternal home. But why should it not be equally painful and trying? This place I may justly say has been the spot of my mental birth, and here under the guidance of kind and respected teachers, I have in some degree been moulded for future usefulness. It is however, with no small degree of sorrow and foreboding that I leave this quiet haven to launch forth on the fickle and tumultuous waves of the troublesome world. But I trust that the time of quiet calm and rest which I have enjoyed here within the embrace of my Alma Mater has so settled and invigorated my mind that I shall be able, with some hope of success to steer my course through life to the haven where I would be. But dear friends, in spite of all the pleasure which the past affords me, yet the remembrance of some things which have transpired beneath my notice, strikes almost a total gloom over the face of the pleasing picture. Gentlemen you must indulge me a little—perhaps some of you may

not view the matter in the same light in which I do—but I feel it to be a point of duty to throw out a few friendly hints which I intend for your good and happiness, and I hope you will so construe them, coming as they do from an humble one of your number. —Thrown together as we are here, for a common purpose, and striving to promote a common object, there ought I think to be more community and unity of feeling and none of that selfish, egoistical, uncharitable spirit which has existed to a certain extent among us. We ought to be bound together by the ties of fellowship, and both willing and ready to excuse and overlook the mistakes and failings of others, our fellow-students especially. If we were only to recall a little more frequently the golden rule: “Do unto others as you would they should do unto you,” I think, I am sure, it would make us more guarded and considerate in our conduct towards our friends. We would break a joke, make some one a laughing stock, rack our brains for the cutting sarcasm, all to pour upon a brother’s head, totally regardless of his feelings, provided we come off the victors. What a victory indeed, gained at the expense of our own better feelings, if we have any, and the

ruffled and annoyed temper of our fellow-students! Some perhaps will say it is the best and only way of correcting the faults and eccentricities of others, to hold them up to scorn and ridicule and thus drive them out of their failings by force. But I cannot think that this is the way it should be accomplished. Man is a moral and rational being, and if he has any faults, I think the most charitable and successful way would be to appeal to those high and ruling principles of his nature which are sure to influence him, if it is possible to influence him at all. Man may nearly always be won by kindness, being much more easily led than driven.—Some perhaps are ready to say you have not looked at this matter in its true light, you make the case worse than it is. To such I can only answer that I have often endeavoured to overlook these things and count them as mere demonstration of mirth and spirits, but I have as often been disappointed. Would that I could construe them more favourably. You have just had an instance of the moral effects of this kind of treatment to which I allude in the case of our poor friend. I am very sorry to find that after so long a time he has not forgotten

and forgiven. The remembrance of his college life and his college mates, instead of forming one bright and joyous spot in the contemplation of the past, one pleasant station in life's pilgrimage, one scene amid which memory loved to dwell, forms one of the darkest and most pleasureless portions of his whole life. These, I believe, are the legitimate effects of this kind of treatment. Dear friends, these things ought not to be so; for if we be participators in the offending of a weaker brother, so that he commit sin, be assured that God will hold us partakers with him in guilt. For the future may more deference be paid to charity and forbearance, that most holy and divine precept of the gospel, that chief attribute in our Father who is in heaven, whose character and perfections we must imitate, and to whose image of love and forgiveness we must strive to conform ourselves by exercising the same towards our brethren, if ever we hope to see His face in mercy. My friends, let us blush with shame and strive to make amends for the past by our altered conduct for the future.

One would be led to think that the fact of our meeting each other twice daily for the purpose of worshipping our common God,

imploring His bountiful and common blessings, as common suppliants, begging His mercy at the same time, professing that we forgive our brethren—one would think I say, that these things would restrain us.

There are one or two other things to which I beg to direct your attention. They are these—regularity of attendance at chapel and decent order at mess. I feel somewhat of delicacy in touching upon a matter the propriety of which must necessarily be apparent to every gentleman belonging to the establishment. It is a most true observation, that institutions come to nothing when they abandon the principles which they embody. We cannot but look forward with anxiety for the consequences of such conduct. We shall all in after life desire to see our Alma Mater take a respectable stand among institutions of its kind; but how can we expect it if we thwart its laws, evade its discipline, and obey only because we must, thus lowering it in our estimation of others. If we reflect, we cannot but see our error and the magnitude of the mischief which must naturally flow from it.—Time and space will not permit me to say anything more upon the subject, but I am sure your good sense really needs only

direction, is a point which is so plain and self-evident.

And now Gentlemen, in conclusion, accept my most sincere and heartfelt wishes for your success as individuals in all your lawful undertakings for the prosperity and good name of this excellent institution of which we have the honour to be members."

T. SHAW CHAPMAN.

B. C. L.

Dec. 18th 1848.

CHAPTER III.

ORDINATION.

IMMEDIATELY on leaving college, Mr. Chapman took a long trip for ordination, to Quebec, which at that time could only be made on horse-back. This journey occupied no less than two days. In a little manuscript book entitled "The Journal of Thomas S. Chapman, Travelling Missionary of the Church Society" we find an account of this trip; of his examination for ordination; and his history of his subsequent ministry until the termination of his stay at Grosse Isle. Every page of this little book is fraught with interest, and it is therefore given here with all its details.

THE JOURNAL

Dec. 18th, 1849.—After bidding farewell to my Lennoxville friends I started about half past eleven A.M. for Quebec for the purpose of ordination: went by carriage as far as

Windsor, there I got my brother W. J.'s horse and proceeded as far as Danville, at which I arrived about half past ten P.M. having travelled this day 35 miles—Put up at the public of Gilman Esq.,

Dec. 19th.—Started about half past eight A. M.—was not in much of a hurry having made such good progress the day before—was disappointed in my calculations, found the road very slippery and the evening being very dark and my horse poorly shod I was obliged to put up at a French tavern at a place called Wanfold—making this day only 30 miles. Knowing that I had a long distance to travel and but a short time to accomplish it in, I got my horse shod on the evening before, gave orders to the landlord to feed him well and prepare me an early breakfast. Before retiring to rest finished writing the latter half of a sermon, the former part of which I wrote during the day while my horse was feeding and resting.

Dec. 20th.—Dressed and ate breakfast by candle light. Started by daybreak having a day's journey before me of 75 miles which I was obliged to accomplish in order to meet his Lordship's requisition, viz. to be present in Quebec on the morning of the 21st for

examination previous to orders. Arrived at Point Levi at half past three A.M., on the 21st, half dead with cold, hunger and fatigue,—found it difficult to gain admittance to any house—threw myself upon a miserably dirty old sofa with all my clothes, on and some rugs for a covering and attempted to get some sleep—had about two hours, but it was merely an apology.

Dec. 21st.—Was then roused by the “Canoe-men” (that is persons who keep large canoes for the purpose of winter ferrying) who told me that they were all ready and I must hurry or lose my passage—felt quite sick and faint and disposed to remain; but on second consideration thought I would be better to try and get over to Quebec and if I should be taken very sick I would then chance to meet with friends and better attendance. The fresh air revived me, but I was almost chilled through again when crossing the river. Arrived in time to go to the Bishop’s Chapel at 10 o’clock, the day being St. Thomas’: immediately after service Dr. Mackie set Mr. Burrage and me to writing a sermon from Math. Chap. 11, 28. 29. 30.—I felt more like being in bed under a doctor’s care than writing. Wrote about four pages beginning

with an introduction and following by a division of the subject into three general heads, only one of which I touched upon; the second I subdivided into particulars, and the third I left untouched. This closed the business of the day.—Had an invitation from his Lordship to put up at his house during my stay, and gladly accepted it.

Dec. 22nd.—Met Dr. Mackie at 1 A.M. in the vestry of the Cathedral where he gave us a list of 18 general questions about half of which I answered; the rest I reserved for the morrow. In the evening his Lordship took us into his room and examined us *viva voce* upon the Scriptures, beginning with Genesis and going to Revelations—he appeared to be pretty well satisfied with our answers.

Dec. 23rd.—Finished answering the rest of the questions, and in the afternoon took a walk through the town with Burrage, went as far as Petry's, found him away from home—concluded that he had hid from us but fortunately for his honesty, met him on our way back.

Dec. 24th.—The ordination took place during the morning service in the Cathedral. Felt an inward shrinking and shuddering

at my own unfitness and unworthiness; could hardly repress tears when the Bishop's hands were laid upon my head—not because I repented of having taken upon me the holy office, but at not being more thoroughly impressed with the solemnity and awful responsibility of it.—Preached in the Bishop's Chapel in the evening at seven o'clock to a crowded audience, the Bishop and two or three clergymen being present.

Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day. Assisted the Rev. T. F. Timpson. Read the morning Prayers and administered the cup in the sacrament.—Attended the soldiers' service at 1.30 P.M. Another service at 3 for the people of the town, and another in the Bishop's Chapel at 7 P.M.

Dec. 26th.—Spent this day purchasing things necessary for my outfit as Travelling Missionary.

Dec. 27th.—Bought a harness for my horse and a pair of buffalo robes &c., &c. Mr. Mountain lent me his sleigh to drive to Lennoxville; got over the river with it and the rest of my luggage during low water. Paid my horse's fare, harnessed and drove down about a mile to Mr. Torrance's where I put up for the night. He is related to

Galt and Vammuck of Sherbrooke; their wives are his cousins,—his wife is a Leahcraft; they have three fine promising children. I must say that they appear to be the most happy and most hospitable pair that I ever met with. Mr. T. has two churches, one at New Liverpool the other at Point Levi, which is in course of building at a cost of £1700.—and both are of stone.

Dec. 28th.—Received a letter of introduction from Mr. T. to Mr. Whitten of Leeds and after receiving his good wishes and “God bless you and your undertaking”, I started—put up at St. Nicolas, a distance of 15 miles at the house of Mrs. M. who is the only person belonging to the church in the place—gave her some words of consolation and left some tracts for her perusal—had supper at Richardson’s, St. Giles, 16 miles distant, arrived at the house of the Rev. Wm. King, formerly of Barry but now of St. Sylvestre. Found both father and mother gone, but Miss King was very kind and hospitable to me on finding out who I was.

Dec. 29th.—Started after taking leave of the family and having renewed pressing invitation to call again if ever I passed that way again. Had advanced a little way when I heard a

halloo behind—turned and saw a boy at full speed, stopped till he came up—he was the bearer of a bundle of ginger bread and old cheese with Miss K's compliments. Received them thankfully—sent my thanks in return—called upon Mr. Whitten after travelling 5 miles—He was a nice kind of a man and has rather a fine looking daughter. He performs his duty faithfully as a preacher of the gospel but he is sadly crippled and interfered with by the Baptists and Nothingarians, particularly by the former. Staid overnight with the Rev. S. Simpson in Upper Ireland; he is boarding at the present time at the house of Ira Hall—Spent rather a pleasant time with him recounting the scenes of by-gone days.

Dec. 31st. Sunday.—However I got the family together, with two or three others and gave them a familiar lecture on the importance of reading the scriptures, prayers, &c., then I made an extemporaneous prayer (which by the way was the first I ever made before others) and made ready for starting. I was well received here although the people were Universalists; they gave me a hearty shake of the hand on parting and wished me Godspeed. In passing through the settle-

ment which consists of eight families I distributed tracts. On nearing one of the houses I saw a man chopping away boldly at a log of wood before the door. When he saw me, guilty conscience prompted him to shrink away into the house out of observation. I happened to have a tract with me upon "The Christian obligation of the Sabbath" upon the back of it written in a plain hand, "attend to this", when I drove opposite to the house and motioned to some persons at the window. The chopper made his appearance with his countenance suffused by a blush of mingled shame and conscious guilt. I handed the tract to him, inquired his name, bid a kind good morning, and drove on. It no doubt was a timely and forcible rebuke to the offenders. It came so sudden and unexpected upon him, just as if I had foreknowledge of him.

Arrived in Dudswell about three. These roads were bad and my sleigh was not suited to the double roads, which kept me four hours going seven miles. Preached to a congregation of about thirty five. It was small on account of the short notice. (The day before, I had a note in advance by the mail). The misunderstanding about the hour and a

Methodist meeting which was held at the same time in a house close by. Staid at the house of Mr. Gavin, who I found to be a very kind, hospitable man and besides a staunch and intelligent churchman.

1849.

Jan. 1st.—I intended to have visited the church families in Dudswell at this time, but the weather was extremely cold, the roads bad and drifted, and my stock of clean linen exhausted, and myself pretty well worn out from the fatigue of riding so far on horseback that I determined to omit for the present. Conducted the morning and evening prayers of the family—started for Lennoxville about eleven, where I arrived about nine thirty P.M. 2nd and 3rd stayed at Lennoxville, packed up all my things and stowed them away.

4th and 5th.—Paid a visit to my friends and relatives in Windsor.

6th Jan.—Got all my linen and clothes put in order and started for L. at which I arrived at 11 P.M.

7th Jan. Sunday.—Preached in the evening at Sherbrooke and in the afternoon at Lennoxville. In the evening went to Sherbrooke

and heard Burrage preach: he poor fellow was much disconcerted—he fears the opinion of man too much and this drew off his mind from the subject and made his delivery appear affected.

Jan. 8th.—Went to Compton to look for a horse to buy. Saw some, but they were rather too dear for my small means—did not find any to suit me.

Jan. 9th.—Went back again to Windsor finding the horses so dear in the Southern Townships.

Jan. 10th.—Bought a horse in Melbourne from James Armstrong—price \$67.50.—Forty dollars I paid down, the remaining \$26.50 I gave my note for, payable three months after date.

Jan. 11th.—Bid a final adieu to all at home and then turned to Lennoxville. An extremely cold day.

Jan. 12th.—Spent this day at Lennoxville for some alterations to be made in my horse's harness.

CHAPTER IV.

TRAVELLING MISSIONARY

Jan. 13th.—Having got all things ready for the final start I took leave of the good people of Lennoxville not without many a shake of the hand and hearty good wish for the prosperity of my mission; arrived at Stanstead Plain twelve o'clock noon and put up at the house of Mr. Thompson, who is the receiver of Her Majesty's Customs.

Jan. 14th.—Preached in the morning at eleven to a congregation of 35 persons and in the afternoon at two thirty to a congregation of about 55; this I was told by the Thompsons was very well for the place. The Methodists and Congregationalists had service at the same time. The place of meeting is the second storey of a building belonging to Mr. Judd Blower, which is occupied as a store. It is fitted up with comfortable forms and a large reading desk. The room is procured at a rent of 30 dollars per year.

The following statistics I got from the Thompsons. The names and members of all the Church families upon the Plain—

Patten, 5	Stoddard, 4
Kilbourne, 4	Golden, 4
Smith, 6	Breadon, 7
Snow, 2	Terrills, 6
Kennedy, 6	Richardson, 3
Dr. Monsell, 2	Jones, 5
French, 3	Henry, 2
Judd, 8	Thompson, 5
Marcus Child, M.P., 3	Dr. Miggs, 4
Capt. Edington, 7	Wyman, 5

making a total of twenty families and 91 souls, men women and children

Jan. 15th.—Stayed at Mr. Thompson's on account of the very bad state of the roads. I should have mentioned that I baptised Henry Arthur, the son of James and Isabella Golden, publicly in the Church—. They insisted upon having it done privately, but I showed them the law of the Church which I could not supersede and met their scruples and showed them the propriety of performing the rite publicly in church. This I was told was the first public baptism which had been

witnessed here for many years. Owing to the jealousy and jarring of the Methodists and Congregationalists, the Church, I think, might do well if properly attended to. A fine fat Roman priest has just begun to plant and feather his nest in this place—He will gain ground no doubt, if there be none but dissenters to stand against him.

Jan. 16th.—Roads instead of being better were much worse: started for Georgeville a distance of twelve miles: the roads were so badly drifted that it took me nearly all day to get there.—My horse stuck in the snow drifts so that I was obliged in several places to take him out of the sleigh and turn horse myself. On my arrival at Georgeville I volunteered a service for the evening, but it so happened that there was a singing school which would have drawn off most of the young people of the place. I therefore deemed it more prudent to let it alone—I however, wrote a notice for a service on the evening of the 18th on my return from the “Outlet of the Memphramagog” and got it posted on the school-house door.

Jan. 17th.—Went to the Outlet a distance of 10 (miles?). The day stormy and the road dreadful, one half bare, the other barri-

caded by immense snowdrifts; arrived there about noon. Spent the rest of the day in visiting the families of the place to the number of eighteen, to all of which I gave tracts; they treated me kindly and appeared thankful for them. I had notice given before the school of a service at seven in the evening. but it proved so exceedingly stormy (both wind and snow) that it deterred the people from coming out. I met about 25; they were quite attentive and reverent in their behaviour. At this place I met an aged man by the name of Merry, father of a large family, but of all the men I have met with, or could conceive of, he appears to be the most supremely miserable. He has given himself up soul and body to blank despair; he made my blood chill hearing his dreadful tale, seeing his woe-begone visage, and frowning upon his blasphemous language with regard to his hopeless condition. I assured him that the merits of Christ were sufficient to save the vilest sinner, and that God is ready and willing to pardon the returning prodigal—he said he knew that, but there was no hope for him; “the devil was sure of him,” he could not pray; he could not repent.

Jan. 18th.—Set out from the Outlet for

Georgeville; in consequence of the drifting snow, had to take to the lake, the winds being strong and the cold intense. Preached in Georgeville to a congregation of about thirty persons—Here they have preaching almost weekly, by Methodists, Baptists and Universalists.

Jan. 19th.—Started from Georgeville for the township of Potten—was informed by a gentleman, G., that Mr. Scott, the church clergyman of Brome, with whom I wished to concert measures, had left and gone to Dunham; I therefore took the most direct road for that place and went as far as Mansonville in Potten, a distance of fifteen miles, where I was told that Mr. Scott was still resident in Brome: changed my course from M. to the township of B. where I found Mr. Scott at a place called Knowlton's Mills, a distance of fifteen miles—. This misinformation cost me 11 miles of extra travel—the day was cold. Found Mr. Scott to be a very pleasant and hospitable person, He gave me some valuable hints from his own experience; he appears to be a person most thoroughly acquainted with the world and human nature. He was born in England but has been brought up in Canada, was educated at Burlington,

Vt., he there got the degree of A.M.—Mr. S. is of the opinion that the office of travelling missionary is productive of very little good; and I am almost persuaded of the same. He urged me hard to abandon my course and accept of the mission of Brome, and parts adjacent. I requested him to give me an outline for my proceedings in the tract of country with which he is acquainted—he did so, and gave me a list of places to visit situated in the adjacent township of Potten, Sutton, Brome, Bolton and Stukely, which required a fortnight to go over. Mr. S. intends to leave Brome in the course of a week or two.

Jan. 20th—Started from Mansonville where I had made an appointment to preach the day before; met a congregation in the evening of about 30. I was told that it would have been much larger but for a Rechabite meeting which was being held that evening. It is a doubt in my mind whether the good sons of Rechab of old would have allowed such a light excuse to have interfered with the public duties of religion. They have done a good deal of particular good for Potten—it was one of the most drunken and degraded places possible a year ago,

I have been told that on a public day you might see thirty or forty persons the worse for drink; now they are all temperate; not a single glass of spirits can be had in the place but at the doctors and that for medicine; a happy change. The village has doubled in houses, and the people have been restored from brutes to human beings again. There is fear however that they will allow their meeting, to usurp their sacred duties as Christians; two meetings houses have been erected within the past year—one a Baptist in the village, the other a Methodist, a mile out of it.— There are no stationed preachers for either;—a Baptist preacher from Troy, Vt., visits Mansonville once a month. The fold I think is quite open for the introduction of “The Church”; the chief and most wealthy and influential of the inhabitants are Churchmen, and are favourably disposed towards it.

Jan. 21st.—Spent the day in Mansonville. Preached in the morning at Mansonville (10 A.M.) in the afternoon in the above mentioned Methodist Chapel (half past two P.M.) and in the evening at half past six. in Mansonville. The congregations were respectively about 70, 30, and 90. They were very orderly and attentive in their

behaviour — the evening service was an address to the youth of the place, a large number of whom were present. Gave out an appointment for the Sunday following.

Jan. 22nd.—Spent the time in visiting the people of the village; distributed some choice tracts among them—was very well received by them.

Jan. 23rd.—Spent the day in the above mentioned manner.

Jan. 24th.—Travelled from Mansonville in Potten to the Corner in Sutton, a distance of 15 miles—the road is generally pretty level, but not very well made,—Sutton mountain is to be crossed on this road.—Received a letter of introduction from the Rev. Scott of Brome to Seaton, Esq., Receiver of Customs in Sutton, but found him absent from home.—Went to a man's house by the name of Spencer with whom I lodged for the night. Had service in the evening at which there were about 75 persons, chiefly youths, and on account of which I changed my mind, with regard to the sermon I intended, to deliver, and gave one appropriate to the young. They were very orderly and attentive. I made an appointment to preach again on the morning of the 26th and at half past ten A.M.

on my return from Sutton Flats to Potten. Before service I made a few brief remarks upon the liturgy of the church, pointing out its main characteristics, its beauties, and appropriateness for supporting the devotions of congregations of worshippers.

Jan. 25th.—Travelled from Sutton Corner to Sutton Flats, a distance of five miles. Put up with Mr. E. Kemp who is a cousin of Joel Bakers by his mothers' side—called at the school and requested the teacher to give notice to the children of a service in the evening at half past six. The evening proved dark and rainy, in consequence of which not more than 20 came out. They are chiefly Methodists in this place; there are six or seven church families however. There is a Methodist chapel and an English church here in course of finishing, both of stone. The church people began to build their church first, which movememt stirred up the envy and jealousy of the Methodists and they at once erected the shell of a house, possessed of neither proportion, taste nor architecture; our people were slow in their operations, they waited till they got a proper plan of building then they went on and built the shell and covered it in and laid the floor;

the windows are gothic, the finishing will be butternut. The church will most probably be completed and fit for service next summer. This place is a growing village and well situated, it is nearly central, and possesses water power which will promote its growth; upon the stream which is called the North Branch of the Missisco are erected a saw and grist mill of the first class. I am inclined to think that Sutton possesses advantages which will make it an important station for the church to occupy. Among them may be mentioned abundance of water-privileges good soil for tillage, and extensive mines of iron ore of the first quality. It contains I was told upwards of 2000 inhabitants.

At Sutton they have no place for public worship except an old delapidated school house. They talk some, at present, of building a "Union" house but they cannot agree. The Universalists are the strongest party. If there was a clergyman stationed in Sutton I think that by proper attentions he might get a church erected here. The place is a centre of quite a large population.

Jan. 26th.—Started from Sutton Flats for Potten. On my way fulfilled my appointment made on the 24th at the Corner—about

25 persons present; the day was rainy and cold and the road very wet, in many places bare of snow. Dined at Mr. Spencer's, then started for the school house in Potten where I intended to have an evening service but found the ice on the river Missisco so bad that I did not dare to cross. Travelled on to the village of North Troy, where I put up for the night.

Jan. 27th.—Staid the most of the day at Troy; read "Bishop Watson's Apology for Christianity" through; wrote part of a sermon; made the halt on account of the road which was almost bare of snow—started in time to reach Mansonville in Potten; staid with Squire McVey.

Jan. 28th.—Preached twice on the Sunday in the Baptist meeting house—congregation about 35 or 40. There were two other meetings in the vicinity at the same time which tended to make the numbers small. One was a ranting Methodist from the States but now a resident in Canada for his country's good—another a woman and her husband who exhibit themselves about the country and according to reports afford a large quantity of salve for itching ears. This Amazon would do well to read what St. Paul says about

women ministering in the congregation before they gets up to preach in public.

Jan. 29th.—Travelled from Mansonville eastward to the Rexford school house, distance eight miles—service in the evening, congregation about 30, none of them church people—made a few introductory remarks upon the service of the church which tended to allay prejudice and make the people attentive. Put up at the house of N. Hanson in Bolton. Cured Mr. Hanson of a very bad cold by giving him a hemlock sweat. In consequence of having a cold myself stayed the most of next day at Hanson's.

Jan. 30th.—From Hanson's to the Knowlton school house opposite Georgeville and on the west side of the lake, a distance of five miles over the mountain. Preached in the evening—congregation about 60. none of them acquainted with the church service—made a few remarks as above—people very attentive and sober. Stayed the night and part of next day at Mr. Green's, a Methodist and a very pleasant family altogether. Mrs. G. is a daughter of Mr. Hanson. My cold very bad—so bad that I thought that I would be laid up.

Jan. 31st.—Succeeded in reaching the

Outlet of the lake, a distance of 10 miles. I intended to have an evening service but felt too unwell to undertake it. Put up at the house of Ralph Merry, Esq.

Feb. 1st.—Remained at the Outlet all day and had service in the evening—about 75 persons present; wrote all day.

Feb. 2nd.—Travelled from the Outlet to Abbotsford a distance of 41 miles, the road being good.

Feb. 3rd.—Went to Granby and Milton and gave notice that there would be a service on Sunday next. I supplied Mr. Robinson's place at Yamaska and Rougemont and he Mr. Slack's at Granby and Milton.

Feb. 4th.—Preached twice or three times at Yamaska and Rougemont: the average congregation is about 25.

Feb. 5th.—Rested a good part of the day and in the evening travelled to St. Hyacinthe.

Feb. 6th.—Went from St. Hyacinthe to Montreal for the purpose of getting a supply of tracts for gratuitous distribution and procuring a lawful diversity.

May 5th.—Rode on horseback from the township of Clifton to Lennoxville a distance of 20 miles, the day being cold and rainy.

May 6th.—Performed a part of the Sunday

service at Lennoxville for my good friend the Rev. Doolittle, who was then poor in health. By the advice of friends in Lennoxville I remained until Saturday in order to recruit my strength which was still very low, from the fever of last February, from the rough riding which I had had in the back township of Dudswell, Ham and Clifton in the month of April when the roads were almost impassable on account of the roughness and pitfalls formed by the frost.

CHAPTER V.

GROSSE ISLE

May 12th.—After receiving many good wishes and farewells from my Lennoxville friends, I set out on my journey for the quarantine station at Grosse Isle, and travelled 21 miles to Windsor where I left my horse. Spent the remaining part of the day and a good part of the night packing my trunks.

May 13th.—Sunday I passed at my father's in Windsor—many were the hopes and fears expressed by our family and friends about the issue of my quarantine duty, some parted to meet no more on earth, others still hoped for the best—my fortitude was indeed put to the test, when each came in turn and bade me farewell. Took the stage to Port St. Francis, distance 60 miles where I arrived about eight o'clock—the day was very rainy, cold and windy and our carriage was an open one so that the journey was not by

any means a pleasant one. Sat up all night waiting for the steamer which was expected about midnight, but from the high wind and intense darkness they did not dare to touch at the "Port". I was extremely anxious to get forward in order to join the Grosse Isle boat, which was to leave Quebec the next morning for the quarantine station.

May 15th.—The fatigues of the day previous and the watchings of the night and my disappointment all tended to lower my spirits and in spite of myself I could not look at the future without some forebodings of evil. By the advice of my friend Mr. Laimgan I lay down towards the evening to get a nap (after being assured that I should be waked in time for the boat this night) but sleep had forsaken my eyelids; I found it was in vain and rose again and resumed my anxious watch. Drearily did the hours of night pass away and no boat—hope was almost fled and disappointment seemed complete again when at daybreak to my great joy the mighty "John Munn" the King of the St. Lawrence loomed in the distance. What a strange creature is man, how subject to corroding cares, especially when in a state of inactivity the mind makes a retreat upon

itself and gnaws like a worm its own life away. The greatest amount of human happiness consists doubtless in action.

May 16th.—How soon did action restore me, although exhausted nature almost forbid it—the boat scarcely touched, when I sprang on board and soon we were plowing the broad still bosom of the St. Lawrence. My spirits rose suddenly (like the heated thermometer) as majestically we sped along—church spires, bluffs and windings of the river receded in the distance till we arrived at Quebec—Here the Rev. A. W. Mountain met me and conducted me to the Bishop's house where I was kindly entertained. I went to bed and tried to sleep but a severe nervous headache prevented.

May 17th.—Went with Mr. Mountain to emigration agent to make enquiry about a passage to Grosse Isle; could not find any opportunity. I at length hired a pilot boat and started about two P.M. for Grosse Isle, about 30 miles distant (after receiving His Lordship's instructions relative to my duties as chaplain of the quarantine, and his blessing also). In descending the river saw the snow white Falls of Montmorency also the beautiful Island of Orleans which gently rises from the

bosom of the river and lies stretched out like a lovely meadow. The first eight or ten miles was a dead calm. The heat was great and the sails of our boat hung dead and useless as the boatman toiled and tugged at their oars and wished for wind to swell their sails and speed their way. Very soon were their wishes gratified and mine too—for the wind came down from the mountains on the north west side of the river and blew a clear gale so that we were in eminent peril of capsizing—I immediately wedged my luggage under me on the rowing benches and seized hold of a spare mast which was in the boat and put myself in a position to make a long leap with it into the boiling flood in case the boat should capsize.—My preparations were needless for the violence of the wind soon passed and we had a fine breeze for the rest of the way which brought us to Grosse Isle about eight P.M. Paid my boatman a pound for his trouble—he waited a little for a tide and returned in the night. I was met by the police sergeant who gave me the keys of the Mission House and introduced me to my new quarters—but owing to the darkness and unfurnished state of the house Dr. Douglas (who is the medical superintendent of the whole

quarantine establishment) thought it would not be safe for me to sleep in, and kindly invited me to his house where I was very hospitably received.

May 18th.—In the morning the doctor drove me around the island and we visited all the sheds and sick hospital—here I found but one person, named Ellis, passenger of the ship *Jessie* from Limerick, on board of which 47 persons died of cholera. There were a few Romanists sick too. Spent some time by his (Ellis) bedside for which he appeared very thankful. Returned from the hospital and assisted Mrs. Douglas in sowing some flower seeds in the garden. By the advice of Captain Scott the commandant of the island, I hired an artillery man to keep house for me—bought some of the most necessary articles of food—slept in the Mission House but found it very damp.

May 19th.—Visited the hospital and sheds—white washed the Mission House, kindled the fire to expel the damp—took a ramble round the island in order to ascertain its extent. Grosse Isle is about two miles long and an average breadth of one mile; it is composed of three rocky ridges which extend longitudinally nearly the whole length of the

island, the highest of which is about 130 feet above the level of the river—between these three are deep valleys, very fertile, timbered with oak and other forest trees. The river here is 10 miles wide, four to the North shore and five to the South. The quarantine establishment lies all along the south shore of the island upon a table of different elevations, forming the first of the above mentioned ridges, bounded by a bold front of rocks, and here and there indented by beautiful quiet bays. The Island is divided into three equal parts which are termed Upper Division, the Middle, and the Hospital Division; these viewed from the river have the appearance of three pretty villages. In the healthy division are the pier where the vessels land their passengers, an extensive shade for the people, the Romish Chapel, the Church, dwelling houses, offices, &c. The middle division is for the military and medical department, boatmen and others belonging to the station. The hospital division is devoted to the sick. Between and forming these divisions, guards of soldiers are constantly kept. Up the river at the respective distances of 3 and 5 miles Isle Reaux or Orleans can be seen. Northward

the view is splendid—it is the termination of the range of mountains which run due east and west and divide the tributaries of the St. Lawrence from those of Hudson Bay opposite. There is one peak which is near 2000 ft. high and runs up almost perpendicularly from the waters edge. There are numerous other peaks of different elevations and distances receding behind one another. I have been told that these mountains very much resemble the Highlands of Scotland—here “hills peep over hills and Alps on Alps arise”. Eastward the view is bounded by a horizon of waters broken here and there at different distances by numerous islands, some of them very beautiful. On the south shore and hugging the river can be seen a continuous line of French cottages with here and there a village church spire as far as the eye can reach up and down the rivers. The country back of this is wooded and level for some distances, when it gradually ascends till the view terminates in the range of mountains which divide Canada from the State of Maine.

May 20th. Sunday—Went in the morning to open the church for the purpose of ventilating it,—the stench was so great on opening

the door (on account of its having been used as a fever hospital during the fatal summer of '47 and not having been thoroughly purified since) that I had to hold my breath while running to pull open the inside windows. Held divine service in the Barracks at 10.30 A.M. and at the church at 3 P.M. for the emigrants, about 60 of whom were present, passengers both cabin and steerage of the *Lady Peel*, Jessie and Jean Black. It was very refreshing to see the real devotion of these people and the evident pleasure they felt in meeting with their "Nursing Mother" in a foreign land. Visited my patient in the hospital—he was evidently failing. I endeavoured to the best of my humble ability to direct his mind steadily to the great interests of his soul.

May 21st.—Visited the healthy emigrants at the sheds and distributed some tracts. I urged upon them the importance of settling themselves convenient to a church, school, mill, &c., &c. with other hints with regard to the peculiarity of the country which strangers are desirous of knowing. Visited the hospital.

May 22nd and 23rd.—Spent these days as above. Reviewed some of my studies as a preparation for priest's orders.

May 24th.—This day my patient departed this life (as a believer I believe from his calmness and resignation) in the faith of God, and on the morrow I committed his body to the ground in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection through Jesus Christ our Lord. Another patient sent to hospital from the B. Ava.

May 27th, Sunday—Service in the Church for the few Protestants who were ashore. Preached also to the soldiers in the Barracks.

May 28th.—Visited the sheds and hospital—worked some in improving my garden and premises, read some.

CHAPTER VI.

HOLY ORDERS

May 29th.—Went up in the steamer to Quebec for examination previous to Holy Orders.

May 30th.—*June 1st and 2nd* were spent in examination. Had a very pleasant meeting with several of my college mates who had come for the same purpose with myself.

June 3rd.—Trinity Sunday. In the cathedral I with eight others were, at the time of morning service, admitted to the holy office of Priest and two to that of Deacon. To each of those ordained a portion of duty was assigned in different parts of the parish. Mine was to read evening prayers in the cathedral for the military.

Was obliged to remain in Quebec until Tuesday evening for the Grosse Isle steamer. Arrived the evening of the 5th.

June 6th.—Visited the sick hospital in the

morning and found that 14 persons had been admitted during my absence, some with scarlet and typhus fever, others with smallpox. Spent a considerable time with them, particularly those who appeared to be dangerous. In the afternoon I had service in the church for the healthy emigrants, a good many of whom were on shore. Buried a child.

June 7th.—Three more sent to hospital.

June 8th.—Four sent to hospital with smallpox, passengers of the British Merchant.

June 9th.—Sixteen persons sent to hospital to-day from the brig Thetes all with typhus fever of a virulent kind.

June 11th. Sunday—Had morning service at the church for the emigrants; a great many present—visited the hospitals and then had service at the Barracks. Six persons more sent to hospital.

June 12th.—There were now 44 persons in all admitted. Visited them twice a day, morning and afternoon, and gave them, to the best of my humble ability, the advice and consolation which seemed most needful to each of them. For the sake of healthful exercise and change, I worked a little in my flower garden.

June 13th.—Buried a man who died of the

typhus—his end was perfect peace—This morning 11 persons were discharged leaving 33.

June 14th.—Visited the “sheds” and hospitals—felt unwell—cold chills and a bad headache—Buried one person.

June 17th.—Held service in the morning for the emigrants and in the afternoon for the troops—felt very unwell, so much so, that I could hardly get through with Service—got home as soon as possible and went to bed—cold chills and extremely violent headache.

June 18th.—Started in the morning to the hospital, hoping to drive off my sick feeling but grew worse. Dr. Douglas very kindly carried me home and by the timely administering of powerful remedies, broke the fever in the back—was so far recovered as to be able (though still very weak) to hold Service on Sunday.

July 1st.—Formed a project while I was convalescing of improving the church, i.e., by adding a spire, whitewashing outside (all the buildings here being whitewashed) and painting and cleaning inside—often was I pained by the disagreeable contrast between the Romish Chapel (which was

indeed a neat painted and well finished building) and our poor forlorn neglected looking church.

July 2nd.—Still weak and dizzy, carried an umbrella to keep off heat of the sun. Visited the hospital, found eleven new patients had been admitted during my sickness and that twelve had been discharged—very fortunately no deaths occurred in this time.

July 3rd to August 4th. — Forty-five patients, English, Irish and Scotch, were admitted to hospital and about as many discharged from it, and four persons died, two men and two women. During this I paid daily—for the most part twice a day—visits to the hospital and sheds—preached on Sundays to the emigrants and troops and also an occasional service during the week-days for those who happened to be ashore. Employed all my spare time during the last fortnight of July at cleansing and painting the church, not many Protestants being on shore at this time. I was desirous of getting it put in a fit state for the administration of the Holy Communion on the first Sunday of August and for the sake of gaining time and particularly saving expense,—having only £3. 10.—which the Rev. A. N. Mountain

collected among the people the year before for this purpose—Canadian workmen being so slow and their charges so high I was obliged to take the brush in hand and do it myself.

August 5th.—Preached and administered the Holy Communion in the church. Service in the afternoon for the troops—visited the hospital in the evening.

August 6th to 26th.—One hundred and one persons sent to hospital chiefly from the barque Circassian with bad typhus. This makes up a larger number of Protestants I was told, than had ever been in hospital at one time before except in the summer of '47. Visited the hospital once or twice every day. A good many of these were Highland Scotch who could not understand English; thus communication with them was rendered slow and difficult. I made use of convalescents who understood both Gaelic and English as interpreters. Buried eight persons.

Aug. 27th.—Cholera broke out. Employed a part of the day at measuring and marking out the grave-yard in a regular manner. Selected my own resting place in a quiet corner underneath a beautiful spreading elm.

August 28th.—Buried ten persons. 6 men and 4 women.

August 29th.—Buried six. Two women, two children and two men.

August 30th.—Buried 5 persons.

August 31st.—Buried 4 persons.

Sept. 1st.—Buried 5 persons.

Sept. 2nd.—Buried 8 persons and Thomas McBrien, one of the hospital orderlies. This man had been on the station for 5 years—had passed through all the terrors of the fatal '47 unscathed, notwithstanding it was his duty to coffin all the dead—he told me that he had frequently lifted up 100 corpses in one morning—put them in their coffins and nailed them up. Long did he escape till at length the fatal shaft was sent forth which was to lay him low. He continued almost to the last administering to the wants of the sick and dying. The soldier gains renown, the statesman applause and the philosopher admiration, but truly such as he, our love and esteem. Administered the Holy Communion in the church.

Sept. 3rd.—Buried six persons.

Sept. 4th.—Buried 3 persons.

Sept. 5th.—Buried 3 persons.

Sept. 6th.—Buried 4 persons.

Sept. 7th.—The cholera was at length exhausted for want of more victims. There was one old patriach among the rest who lived to see a numerous race of children and grandchildren all taken off one by one till he was left alone. From the middle of July and all through this trying time I worked hard at the church-spire during all spare moments, notwithstanding the advice of friends to save my strength for the time of need. I believe that to God's blessing and this constant and varied employment I owe the preservation of my life.

From August 26th to the end of the season Oct. 17th, 30 persons were admitted to hospital. Oct. 5th, one man died who was the seventieth and last of the unfortunate passengers of the Circassian. At his head I raised a humble monument recording the event. Besides these emigrants I buried a soldier of the 79th Highlanders who was unfortunately drowned while bathing. Also a poor sailor who was killed by a fall from the main top gallant mast yards to the deck—a cabin passenger who died on board a vessel while coming up the river—also Police Constable Charles Sutton, who contracted typhus while doing his duty among the healthy

emigrants at the sheds. In the work I was ably assisted by Mr. Job. F. R. Conner, commissariat dept., who is a hearty and zealous friend of the church. I have also to acknowledge the receipt of £1. 5s.—towards the work, the donation of a certain lady whose name I am not allowed to mention. It was with feelings of pleasure that I sailed and looked back at our pretty little church now restored with its spire and pinnacles pointing upwards (ample reward for all my labour) and with devout thankfulness to Almighty God for the manifest token of his favour, the preservation of my life and health while so many valuable servants of the church had been called away the two seasons before. Truly the ways of Providence are inscrutable: the strong are smitten, while the weak are spared. Truly the Lord has power of life and death; He avenges and shows mercy; He leads to the gates of the grave and brings up again. "Praise the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all His benefits, who saveth thy life from destruction and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness."

From the time of my leaving the Quarantine Station to the 24th Feb. 1888, the time

of my appointment to the permanent charge, I spent according to His Lordship's directions in the two vacant missions of Shefford: and to these I gave all my Sunday services except four which I divided between the townships of Windsor, Ham and Dudswell. For the most part I had three services on Sundays. I had also several week day evening services at Magog Outlet, Stukeley Mills, Potten and Sutton Corner.

I have to acknowledge the kindness and hospitality of Mr. H. Robinson. Waterloo, Col. P. and Luke M. Knowlton, Brome and Kemp Station. The houses of these gentlemen I made my headquarters while in those townships.

CHAPTER VII.

INCUMBENT OF DUDSWELL

THIS simple chapter from the book of a noble life, recorded without thought of publicity, gives the key to the whole mental and spiritual make up of Thomas Shaw Chapman. In it we find all the traits of character which were most essentially his—the determination which overcame the long and wearisome journey to Quebec with its attendant physical distress and discomfort, the penetration and quick wit which saw through the “strange concurrence of circumstance” when as travelling missionary he arrived at a point of his mission only to be told that all the heads of families were absent just then and consequently no service would be possible; the little flashes of humour betrayed in the remarks on the “ranting Methodist from the States” then “resident in Canada for his country’s good,”—the sly

suggestion of consolation for delay through bad weather in the fact that the daughter of his host was "good looking". His belief in "lawful diversity", which, combined with the equally lawful first object of obtaining new tracts, took him to Montreal after many months of labour in the large and scattered fields of his mission—his trust in work as the greatest giver of health and happiness amply exemplified in his untiring labours at Grosse Isle, and his faith in the ultimate good of all happenings which enabled him to live and work at the Quarantine Station literally in the shadow of death—a shadow not veiled or far off, but so near, so imminent, that his foresight led him to choose and mark off the place where he desired to lie when, as he deemed inevitable, that shadow would have closed over him also.

Hand in hand with this great faith, we find him possessed of charity—a charity so all embracing that, under the most unfavourable circumstances, it never ceased to whisper in his ear, "This man is thy brother". Nor did the whisper ever go unheeded. Herein, perhaps, lay the secret of his successful mission.

While at the Quarantine Station he added yet another to the already ample list of his duties and become tutor to the sons of Dr. Douglas. Of this tutorship, we find a record from the pen of Mr. Chapman himself. He says:—

“As the younger of the two boys, Archibald Lucius Douglas, is now an Admiral in the British navy, I desire to say that he and his elder brother, George Mellis, took naturally to the water like ducks and were full of youthful deeds of daring. I often watched their frail craft in the stormy waters of the St. Lawrence when I expected to see them capsize, or swamped among the foaming waves. On one occasion I was left in charge of the two boys when their father was in the marsh, snipe shooting. As there was a large barge laden with hay near by, Master Archie espied a good chance to climb up on the guy ropes of the main mast, where losing his grasp he came whizzing down to the bulwarks, where the future Admiral’s bones would have been broken only for some two or three layers of yielding hay which gave him a safe landing. My instructions to the lads consisted in a little primary mathematics, Latin and French. The art of gunnery and other points of educa-

tion were obtained on Her Majesty's warship Boscawen.

When the Japanese government set up their naval college at Tokio, they applied to the British government for a complete naval instructor. It was our accomplished Canadian Captain Douglas who was sent; he it was who remodelled the Japanese fleet after that of the British, and enabled the intelligent little Japs to humble the pride of Russia in one decisive naval engagement. I am sure the public will excuse me when I say that I feel some pride in having had a small hand in the early education of Admiral Archibald Lucius Douglas."

While at the Quarantine Station Mr. Chapman received the letter from his childhood's companion and cousin, Jane Green Early, which decided his fate, matrimonially speaking. By the inscrutable decree of Providence, he escaped the shafts of disease and death to fall a victim to those of Cupid, that mischievous little fellow, who takes no heed of time or tide, but hunts whenever opportunity offers, without leave or licence. But in this case at least, the arrows were tipped with life and healing, for the brave girl, instead of bemoaning the dangers to

which her cousin was exposed, wrote him a letter full of sympathy and understanding of his high endeavour, full also of sweet sisterly council without even the trace of a whimper. To her as to him, duty was more than health or even than life itself. This fact, shining through the written word, came as balm to the lonely heart of him who read it, as it revealed to him the face of his soul's mate. With nothing less could he have been satisfied.

We conjecture that the reception of this letter was followed by an offer of marriage and that the couple thenceforth became engaged; but of this event there is no written record.

On Trinity Sunday 1840, Thomas Shaw Chapman was ordained priest; and, in accordance with the will of the bishop, undertook missionary work over a widespread area, which in those days could only be travelled on horseback, and that over roads at times well nigh impassable, and at the mercy of all inclemencies of weather.

Mr. Chapman's work in Dudswell began on the first of January, 1849, when, as travelling missionary, he first visited this district. On the occasion of this visit,

many enquired what had brought an Episcopal to Dudswell where there were so few Church of England people. There were indeed but a handful, but on these Mr. Chapman made such a strong impression that early in the year 1850, an urgent petition, signed by a large number of the inhabitants, was sent to the Bishop of Quebec asking for his appointment as Incumbent; and, on the 25th of February 1850, he received his license to the new parish of Dudswell and South Ham, as well as to the townships of Westbury, Stoke, Wotton, Weedon and part of Wolfestown.

This large area was without churches or Protestant services of any kind except on funeral occasions when the Revs. Taylor of Cookshire, Moulton of Hatley, and Malory of Huntingville were called upon.

Mr. Chapman established six different centres, two or three of which he visited every Sunday. He also started nine Sunday schools with small libraries attached, which proved of great benefit to the young people.

On the 2nd of June 1851 he and his cousin Jane Green Early were married in St. George's Church, Lennoxville, the Rev. Lucius Doolittle officiating.

The girl whose high ideals had won his heart, proved to be no less a worker than himself. Loving, hopeful and courageous, she shared all his efforts and hardships, following her husband everywhere and making herself beloved by young and old, even as he did. In parish work her help was everywhere. She was leader in the choir, Sunday School teacher, confidant and friend to all the women, and god-mother, as her husband was god-father, to almost every child born within the locality.

It is a wonder the pair did not fall oppressed under such a heavy burden; but the calm of their spirits and their own great joy in doing good sustained them. It is not possible to enumerate all the acts of mercy and loving-kindness done by these two inside and outside of their home, which proved a haven of refuge for many a poor sinner, weary of sin, but too weak to break the bonds which bound them. To these they gave succour—physical, mental and spiritual,—even to their own privation. At one time they took charge of three clergymen, who had succumbed to the drink habit, he ministering to their spiritual needs, and she to those of the body, without which the first mentioned

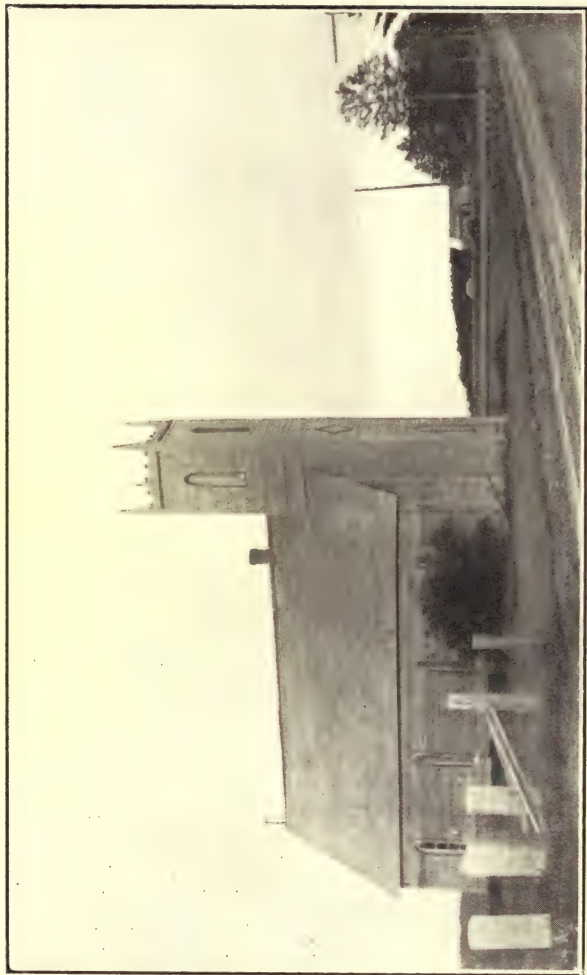
would have fallen sterile—with the result that these men were finally able to make a new start in life, strengthened so that they were able to cope with the enemy alone.

The wants of his parishioners always came before those of his own household ; and, on one occasion, when a barrel of flour had just arrived at the Chapman's home, word came that a family in the vicinity were in dire want. Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Chapman loaded the barrel on his own rig and took it as a gift to his poorer brethren.

Like many other eager male worker for the good of humanity, Mr. Chapman did not always stop to consider how his work might best be accomplished with the least inconvenience to the house-keeper; but his wife was always complaisant, though truth to tell, when he undertook to build a summer house in the dining room of their home, it seems that she was moved to make protests which, however, do not appear to have been strong enough to act as a deterrent, for the undertaking was finished and stood for long in the garden of the Brick House at Marbleton.

The Brick House was Mr. Chapman's

second architectural endeavour, after he had become located in Marbleton. The first, as one may readily suppose, had been the church, which is a wooden structure, still standing and recently renovated. For the house, bricks were not to be had, so the dauntless pioneer, who was nothing if not practical, set to work to make bricks of his own. One day while thus engaged, Bishop Mountain drove up and stopping enquired of the Reverend brick-maker, the way to the Rev. Mr. Chapman's place. "It lies over there", replied the would-be labourer pointing out the temporary residence of the new preacher, which stood a little past where the brick house came to be on the brow of a hill. Thanking the man, his Lordship proceeded on his way while the lithe young minister, hurrying home by a short cut, was able to change his working clothes for those more befitting his ministerial calling and to receive his reverend guest, at the door. The Bishop little suspected that this young man of scholarly mien with the twinkling grey blue eyes, was one and the same with the labourer whom he had accosted on the road. Versality was one of Mr. Chapman's most marked characteristics, and the



WESTBURY CHURCH

lay mind is tempted to conjecture what a wonderful actor he might have made, had he not chosen rather the higher calling.

Later the house and fine gardens were sold to his son-in-law Percival Hunt, and until quite recently remained in his possession. A year or two ago, it was burned to the ground and the origin of the fire is still undiscovered.

Previously, Mr. Chapman's architectural energies had been directed towards the erection of a church, which he managed to build with much labour and for the most part with his own hands. When the steeple of this church was nearing completion the French-Canadian workman, who had been helping with the work, refused to put the finishing touches unless the Master craftsman would promise him a flask of brandy. Mr. Chapman in his ministerial character, naturally hesitated to make such a promise, fearing too, lest the man should take too much and fall from the top of the steeple. However, "necessity knows no law," and seeing that unless the promise was made, the church might forever remain uncrowned, he wisely choose the path of least resistance, realizing that compromise is the best we can ever hope to obtain in this imperfect world.

Since hearing the story from the lips of the chief actor therein, one evening when taking tea with him and his family in the little summer house which stands in the garden, of "Good Cheer Lodge"—not the one which he built in the dining room, but yet another, constructed by the same hands—I have never raised my eyes to the steeple of Marbleton church without beholding a vision of the wily workman perched high on the steeple and the anxious minister standing below in mortal dread of an accident, for which he would ever after have blamed himself.

Between the years of 1853 and 1866 five children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Chapman. The eldest was a boy, born on the 5th of February 1853, to whom they gave the name of Edward Francis. The next, Henry Ernest, was born on the 14th February 1855, and then followed three girls, Mary, born on the 13th Nov. 1857: Nellie, born on January 19th 1862: and Carrie born on June the 25th 1866. Of these children, four still survive, Edward the eldest, having passed into rest on the 21st of September 1905. Living in the country where one must for the most part minister to all one's own wants, without outside help, and with a family of small

children, not to mention her multitude of god-children and to say nothing of her role of confidant and friend, we do not need to ask what were the daily occupations of Mrs. Chapman. One thing is certain, and that is, that we shall not find them recorded in any "Blue Book" of the country, but only in the hearts of those whom she loved and succoured and most surely also in the "White Book" of the Recording Angel, whose sense of values is just. In many respects her life must have been a hard one, but with the true insight of a perfectly good woman, she realised that,

"Not joy and not sorrow

"Is our destined end or way

"But to live that each to-morrow

"Find us further than to-day."

That which her hand found to do, she did with all her might, without stopping to count the cost to herself; and perhaps it was in compensation for this sublime self-forgetfulness, that she was spared the anguish which the death of husband or child brings to a woman's heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARBLETON MODEL SCHOOL

DURING these busy years of pioneer work in the newly formed parish of Dudswell, Thomas Shaw Chapman still found time for effort outside of what might have been considered his legitimate sphere of work. Finding the heavy drifted roads of winter, a serious impediment to the development of the district, he set about inventing a snow plough which proved so successful that it was patented and well patronised by the community. These implements were many of them made in the Brick House, whether in the dining room, parlour, or kitchen, history does not this time relate, but we do know that these ploughs were long in use around Marbleton, which is sufficient guarantee of their quality and usefulness.

Of course a parish having no school wherein the children might be taught, was unthinkable

to a man of Mr. Chapman's calibre, and, as none such as yet existed in Dudswell, with characteristic energy he set about remedying the defect. In a scrap book of his we find an account of how this was accomplished. The memorandum is entitled "A few facts concerning Marbleton Model school" and runs as follows:—

"Founded by The Rev. T. S. Chapman, A.D. 1870 under the auspices of the Church Society.

"The cost of building and furnishing over \$1000 at the sole charge of the Rev. T. S. C.

For running expenses the School Commissioners contributed only the Elementary School moneys of the Marbleton district. This amounted to only 4 mills on the dollar.

A.D. 1870 to 1892 22 years tax on the people 4 mills.

A.D. 1892 to 1899 7 years tax on people 5 mills.

Steadily diminishing resources.

Deficit ending June 30th 1898, \$73.19.

Lime Ridge school tax total \$170.50.

1896 English \$81.52. French, \$88.98.

1896, (thus divided) English, \$53.17.
French \$117.45.

1898, (thus divided) English, \$51.35.
French \$118.99.

The loss of the church grant for non-compliance with terms, \$50.00.

“In consequence of arrears and deficiency of funds and the change of an assessable property to French hands; the school taxes will have to be raised at once to 7 mills and this deficiency is sure to go on until the rate-payers rebel, and then the school must die.

There is no doubt that the Church Society wants aid in the future as in the past, in helping those in need who are struggling to help themselves.

Notes: School aided by Church Society, 28 years, \$1400.00.

The grant always came to the hand of the teacher direct and formed part of the salary.

NOTE: Only six names could be obtained to petition, mostly small rate-payers and one of them not a rate-payer at all.”

It will be seen from this pathetic account that in the days of pioneer endeavour, schooling was regarded more as a luxury to be dispensed with in face of more material

needs, rather than an indispensable necessity. However, by dint of constant watchfulness and foresight, in the face of all difficulties, the school was kept alive and the same building stands to-day, though not in the same capacity, another and more commodious building having been subsequently erected, and the old school converted into a church hall.

Hop raising was another of the hobbies with which Mr. Chapman sought to fill his leisure moments and benefit his incumbency. His well-kept and flourishing hop-yards were a source of pride as well as profit to him, and at one time he went so far as to try exporting his product to England. But the venture proved a failure and resulted in financial loss; after which he contented himself with supplying the breweries of near-by towns.

One day, when about to ship a load of hops and in great haste to catch the train, he got the waggon out and corded the bales upon it, then sent his eldest daughter Mary to harness the horse while he "ate a bite" before going to the station. Mary harnessed the horse as she was bidden, but forgot to fasten the tugs; and, when her father mounted to his seat and prepared to start,

old Pomp, the faithful servant, walked off without his load. It is said that on this occasion the patient minister lost his temper but *not* his train.

In time the hop-raising became somewhat of a burden and was finally abandoned, for the less strenuous occupation of gardening, since to cultivate the soil, physical as well as spiritual, was a necessity of Mr. Chapman's nature. To-day the apple orchard planted by his patient hands, still yields its yearly dole of fruit, while the bed of hollyhocks which was his special care, still bloom in its appointed season to gladden and give welcome to the "stranger within its gates."

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEBEC CENTRAL

WHEN the Quebec Central Railway was in project, Mr. Chapman advised that the road be built to Lime Ridge. To this the Engineer objected, asserting that the grade was too heavy and therefore impossible. In the vocabulary of Thomas Shaw Chapman, this word scarcely existed, and to prove he was right, he went and surveyed the road himself, and by so doing demonstrated conclusively that the grade was not "impossible". It ended in the line being built according to his directions and in opposition to the wishes of the engineer. This has since been changed, but even the temporary connection of Lime Ridge with the railway, aided much in the growth of the village.

So absorbed in this railway work did Mr. Chapman become that on one occasion at least, he was led to neglect his duties as priest.

He had been engaged by a young couple to marry them, and, on the day set apart for the ceremony, bride and groom and guests were assembled, awaiting the minister who, all unconscious, was bending mind and muscle to the iron problem of railroad construction.

At last, weary of waiting, the bridal party decided to partake of the wedding feast, while anxious eyes kept watching upon the door; but the feast was finished and still no minister. Then a messenger was despatched, who, finding the reverend gentleman hard at work, upbraided him for his forgetfulness. The quick-witted minister, never at a loss, answered upbraiding with upbraiding, declaring that the whole fault lay in his having been forbidden to tell his wife!

The reward received for the work of surveying and other help given in connection with the building of the Lime Company's road from Lime Ridge to its junction with the main line, was a pair of buffalo robes and a set of single harness, while Mrs. Chapman was made the recipient of a bonnet, chosen for her by the wife of the manager—which, it would seem, in the words of my informant, "she needed badly enough too"!

His zeal on behalf of the Q. C. R. together

with his unconquerable spirit, almost cost him his life. Once, when the roads were impassable for the stage, he elected to make the journey to Sherbrooke on snow-shoes, in order to attend an important meeting of directors. Arriving very late at his brother-in-law's house and not wishing to disturb Mr. and Mrs. Beckett, he lay on a sofa until morning, presumably without adequate covering and the result was an attack of pneumonia from which he nearly died.

In connection with the Quebec Central Railway there is an anecdote given by Mr. Frederick Gilbert in an appreciation, written at the time of Mr. Chapman's death. It is so characteristic of the man, whose hand was ever ready at the wheel and in emergency to guide almost any craft safely into port, that I give it here.

"Many years ago, I was coming from Quebec to Marbleton on the Quebec Central Railway, and was travelling in the parlour car attached to the end of the train. There were a few American travellers in the car. The time I was speaking of was a very few years after the Q. C. R. commenced to run its passenger trains from Quebec to Sherbrooke. Wood was the only fuel used in

the engines and automatic air brakes were unheard of in that locality. Old fashioned wheel breaks were the ones used on passenger cars and parlour cars alike. On the day in question, it had been raining, and the wood piled along the track at different places for use in feeding the engine was very wet, and our progress from Quebec, especially after leaving the St. Lawrence valley up to the height of land that tips towards the St. Francis valley, was very slow; and, when we reached the height of land that divides the St. Lawrence from the St. Francis water-flow, we were very late. But we had an engineer who lives not far from Mr. Chapman's own home, who made it a rule never to be late on either end of his route: what he lost in going up one hill, he always made up in going down the other. So, on this evening, when we tipped for the St. Francis valley, Mr. Engineer set things humming; and, when he got down around Thetford Mines and Black Lake and commenced to go around some of these curves, that last car as it went from side to side, flopped against the rails in a most alarming manner. Several of the ladies fainted. I myself was scared stiff and even Mr. Chapman was somewhat excited, and every

station we stopped at, he appealed to "Ned" Lothrop, who was then conductor and who afterwards lost his life on this road, to ask the engine driver to run slower, but his appeals were unavailing. After we left Weedon I missed Mr. Chapman, but when I went to the door to get off the train at Marbleton, which was the next station, there was Mr. Chapman on the platform of the car turning the old-wheel break for all he was worth, till his efforts brought the train to a standstill with the last car a considerable way past the station platform. I remember saying to him: "Mr. Chapman that was a pretty fast ride, was it not?"—and he said "Yes, Freddie, that was too fast for me, and I have been out here holding on to this break ever since we left Weedon, to be sure the train stopped at my station, for I have had enough".

Mr. Chapman could never be content with anything short of the utmost limit of achievement and to establish a church and school at Marbleton was but the beginning of his work. No sooner was this finished than he started to build two other churches, one at Westbury and the other at Dudswell. The work of preparing the lumber for the

latter not going as rapidly as he desired, he set himself to hew the wood in competition with the hired labourer; and in the hope of urging the latter to greater speed he made the condition that if he could not chop faster than he (Mr. Chapman) could, he would get no pay. The minister won to the great chagrin of "John", who would not even accept supper in return for his work.

Just exactly how many buildings may be included in the catalogue of this remarkable man's achievement, we have no exact record, but at least eight such monuments can be pointed out to the enquirer—the last on the list being the tiny camp which stands on Gipsy Island in Silver Lake. This was designed as a summer cottage for himself and family and was built by his hands after he had passed his eightieth year.

It was natural that one of his temperament should desire to explore the surrounding country and that a prominent eminence in the township of Dudswell, to which had been given the name of Bald Peake on account of its bare summit, should call to him in the voice which he ever loved, and that he should set out to explore and finally, of course, to build upon this mountain. Such a project was

regarded with alarm by his family, who, realizing better than he did, or was willing to do, his advancing age, feared so great a strain, and passed the word round to all friends, begging them not to aid or abet him in his wild project. But Mr. Chapman was possessed of that strength of character which in opposition to them our friends call "obstinacy," and one day when one of these friends who later on came to be known as the "Spirit of the Peak" was engaged in thrashing buckwheat in his barn, he was surprised by a visit from his reverend friend anent the sore subject of a house on Bald Peak. The "Spirit of the Peak" used all his powers of persuasion, but in vain; and Mr. Chapman left a trifle hurt, maybe, at the unexpected refusal, but quite set in his determination to build on the mountain top without aid from his friends, since they refused to give it. That the difficulties were great and his plan opposed only added zest to the undertaking. So he proceeded to cut a road up the mountain side with the aid of the faithful old horse Dolly; drew in the lumber as far as practicable, after which he would have "backed" it to the summit still unaided had not the "Spirit of the Peak" come to the rescue. Together

the two men already well advanced in years, with the assistance of Mr. Curtis Bishop, carried up the steep footpath enough lumber to build a tiny camp, and we can easily imagine the joy of the pioneer when the desire of his heart had been gratified and a house stood in these erstwhile uninhabited spots.

Bald Peak remained for many years Mr. Chapman's favourite hobby, and on his eighty-fourth birthday the following resolution was put before the Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's Church in the parish hall at Marbleton, after an illustrated lecture on Westminster Abbey given by the Reverend Rural Dean Robertson.

"Moved by the Rev. A. Robertson, seconded by Messrs George Merrill and Curtis Bishop, and resolved: That, inasmuch as this is the eighty-fourth anniversary of the Rev. Mr. Chapman's birth, and as he has spent some fifty-eight years of his life in the parish of Marbleton and Dudswell and has been instrumental in the building of railroads, the improvement of roads etc., as well as such places as Silver Lake and Bald Peak for the recreation and amusement of the public, it has been suggested by friends that something should be done to perpetuate the

name and many activities of Mr. Chapman in the public interest: it is therefore proposed that as nature has erected a monument here known as Bald Peak, that this name be changed to "Mount Chapman" and that a post in iron or stone be set on the mountain top with the name engraved thereon: or that a pyramid of stone be built up to serve the same purpose." Of this resolution the Sherbrooke Record says, "It is a happy thought. This idea will be endorsed by all who know the venerable gentleman or who are interested in Dudswell topography. Both Mr. Chapman and Bald Peak deserve the honour. Henceforth, Mount Chapman."

In an article on the eastern townships Dr. J. M. Harper says, "From the summit of Bald Peak can be seen the widest panorama of the whole of the district; and the Rev. Mr. Chapman, the well-known pioneer of Marbleton and its surrounding country, has prepared for the visitor an ingenious device for the identification of every summit and valley, as well as town and village, as he takes his observation point near the rear of the club house, which has been built far up on the rocky clearance of the mountain's brow. With a map of the stretch of country

within the horizon, divided up with concentric circles of reduced measurement in miles and and cut up into sections by diverging lines, all that the visitor has to do, without guidance of any personal kind, is to compare the panorama of nature—dotted all over with its points of interests—with such a conveniently divided map spread on the nearest rock. There, within the exhilarations of an unequalled site for observation, the visitor can have the most interesting object lesson of a lifetime; and before he wends his way down to the carriage road that is only a mile or so distant, he cannot fail to be enthusiastic enough to read with eagerness everything that has been written of this section of one's townships' home."

Some time ago, a memorable pic-nic party found its way to this, the highest peak in the range, and the newspapers at the time did justice to the celebration.

This pic-nic party which included among many others, Bishop Dunn, the Rev. Mr. Robertson from Cookshire, the Rev. Mr. Harding by this time resident of Dudswell in place of Mr. Chapman, superannuated, had long been planned by the pioneer and its accomplishment was a source of keen

gratification to him. Some verses intended to be read on this occasion, were composed by the "Spirit of the Peak", but owing to some indisposition, he was unable to be present, and the verses appeared later in the "Sherbrooke Record".

Pic-nics were always an occasion of joy to the limpid soul of Mr. Chapman; and just as soon as practicable, he set to work to organize a fishing club on Silver Lake, an enchanting body of water situated about a mile from the village of Marbleton.

Long before this came into being, it had been the annual custom of the Chapman family to camp for a time during the summer on the shores of this lovely lake, where, we are told by the reverend gentleman himself, that, "their equipment consisted of a shack for cooking, a dining tent, and a commodious tent for lodging. A clipper row boat named 'The Peerless', was also a useful appendage". He tells us also, that "the view from the tent was a gem of scenery; one hundred feet below lay the placid lake with its bays and headlands and islands: eastward the view was limited by the well rounded tops of the Appalachian Mountains in the blue distance."

Not far from this camp, the 59th Battalion of militia with Captain Charles Weyland in command, had selected a spot on which to drill; and we need no chronicler to tell us that the hospitality of the camp was ever open to the men who had won for themselves distinction in the Fenian Raid, or that sporting events of various kinds were instituted for the recreation of both camps alike. On one occasion, the "Seer of Silver Lake", as he came to be known later on, challenged the military to a boat race. Wishing to demonstrate the superiority of the Church over Mars, he allowed the volunteers an extra man to their craft while twice the length of the lake was the allotted course. The "Peerless" rowed by the Seer and steered by Mr. Osgood Westman was matched against a similar boat with Captain Weyland and Mr. Charles Willard rowing, and with Mr. Andrews, the "Dudswell Poet" at the helm. The laurels fell to Mars and the Church, to palliate defeat, asserted that time had been lost by making too wide a circuit at the turning point.

"It was here in August 1883," says the Seer, "that I first met W. H. Drummond and Frank Nelson, students of the University

of Bishop's College. They came to visit their friend Dr. G. W. Nelson, a grandson of the celebrated Dr. Wolfred Nelson of rebellion fame, who was at the time our resident doctor.

These young men seemed to take special delight in paddling on the lake in the moonlit evenings and in waking up the echoes from the hillsides with their songs and their replies to the weird voice of the loon from some distant part of the lake.

When the weather became too cool for tenting under canvass, these friends spent a few weeks very happily with Mr. Charles Weyland at his Clear Lake farm."

It was a fitting beginning to a friendship between Mr. Chapman and Wm. H. Drummond, two men whose mutual love of nature was only second to their love of humanity—two who believed so firmly in the healing virtue of the woods, each in his special capacity as spiritual or physical healer. In neither case, however, was the capacity strictly confined to the particular province assigned them by their University degrees, but often overlapped, the healer of souls exercising the office of medical doctor and *vice versa*.

It was not surprising, therefore, that this friendship, formed as it were by chance, deepened with the passing years and was only interrupted when the younger man, but just past prime, was called away. Of this sad event Mr. Chapman in the same article already quoted from, says, "A loving and lovable man has fallen. Let us believe that the Good Father had a better place in his keeping for him than this world could afford." The attitude which William Henry Drummond maintained towards Thomas Shaw Chapman was one of loving, reverent admiration.

Mr. Chapman's skill in medical science was considerable and there are numerous records of lives saved through his intervention, notably that of a little child who lay dying of scarlet fever. The father, himself a doctor of medicine, had given up the case as hopeless, but Mr. Chapman's motto being "never give up the ship", he refused to accept death as inevitable while there remained a spark of life. He stayed beside the boy all night ministering to the sufferer's slightest need and applying the quaint and original remedies in which he was so well versed. When the morning sun arose and shone into

the sick room, its beams fell upon a little child over whom the great Shadow no longer hovered. And a weary black-coated priest of God stood beside its bed, whose face was radiant with the joy of conquest and the Faith which makes all things whole.

At Grosse Isle also, he exercised his healing powers for the benefit of the immigrants, curing several cases of dyptheria by the external application of salt pork thickly dusted with pepper. He also arrested an attack of the same dread disease on himself by the prompt use of nitrate of silver which the doctor, who came later, assured him had warded off a serious illness.

It was in the fall of 1886 that the greatest sorrow of his life came to Thomas Shaw Chapman.

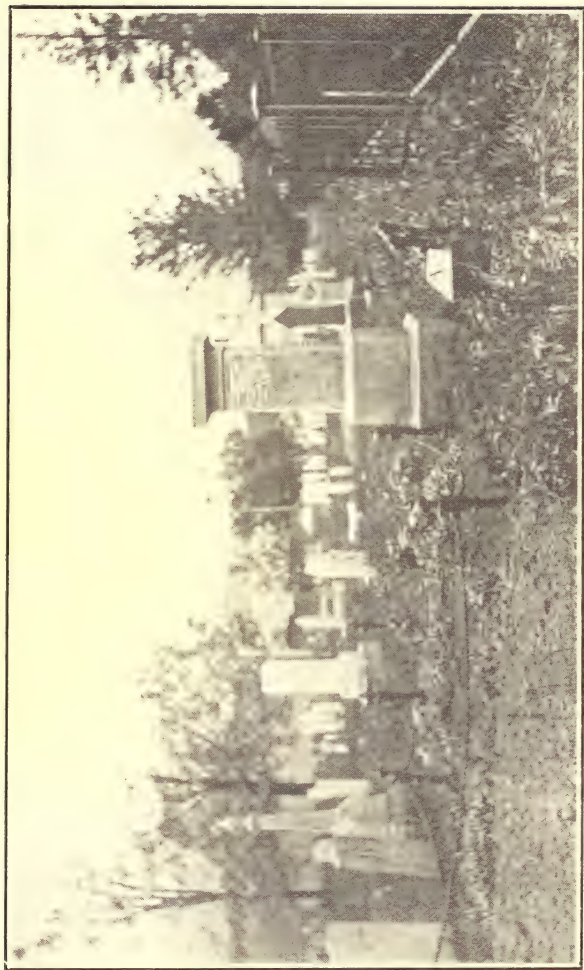
In April of the same year while trimming the hedge around the garden, he cut himself with the scythe, which, being somewhat old and rusty, caused blood poisoning. From this he recovered so slowly that he was advised to seek complete rest and change, in search of which, he travelled to British Columbia. While there, on September 8th. he received a telegram informing him of his wife's death. She had been ill only a couple of days

from severe dysentery which, despite all that the skill of two eminent physicians could do, terminated fatally.

We are told that "the death of one so highly beloved by the members of the rector's congregation, cast a gloom over the locality," but who shall measure the gloom which such a bereavement must have shed over the loving heart of him who, but a few short weeks before, had bidden this dear one goodbye, in the hope of a speedy reunion—he the invalid, seeking strength, she in perfect health, strong still to labour without ceasing.

But to him sorrow as well as joy, were the decrees of a wise and merciful Providence, and while tears of grief might blind his mortal eyes, the light of the spirit left no dark places in his soul.

Unable to get home in time for the funeral he decided to perform the service himself in Vancouver at the hour of its celebration at Marbleton. This last earthly service to her who had been his helpmeet, his right hand supporter in the vicissitudes and hardships inevitable in a country parish, could not be handed over to friends, however true and tried. It was *his* privilege,—his alone,—and strength came to him to enable



GOD'S ACRE, MARBLETON

him to accomplish the duty in his hour of dire need.

The scene of that September burial "where children and strong men alike wept", and where all hearts turned in sympathy to the absent husband far away, remains a reverent and awesome memory to the village of Marbleton.

The site of the village cemetery had been chosen and marked out by Mr. Chapman years before, and remembering that when at the Quarantine Station he had chosen a spot beneath a spreading elm as his burial place, we are not surprised to find that the "God's Acre" of his later choice, lies or rather lay beneath the protecting shade of wide-spreading trees. It is sad to relate that these forest sentinels have since been cut down—for what object or reason is not quite clear.

A handsome slab of grey granite beautifully polished and inscribed to the memory of the late Mrs. Chapman, was chosen to mark her resting place. The granite was obtained from his own grounds and polished and inscribed by Mr. Chapman himself, a labour, not of love alone, but also of consummate skill.

Some years before the death of Mrs. Chapman, the family had vacated the Brick House in favour of the newly wedded pair, Percival Hunt and Mary Chapman and had taken up their abode in a smaller house situated just below the church which Mr. Chapman himself had built. "Good Cheer Lodge" as it has been christened by Dr. Harper, a life long and valued friend of the Chapman family, is a cosy two storied house, commodious and comfortable alike in winter and summer; a house from which the stranger and pilgrim never departed unrefreshed.

"Good Cheer Lodge" stands on the side of a steep hill, and as the coach from the station turns the corner to make the ascent the bed of brilliantly coloured hollyhocks in the front garden, greet the new comer with a promise of gladsome welcome which is never gainsayed.

At the back of the house is a stable which for many years sheltered the succession of family horses from old Pomp to Dolly, the snow white mare—the last of these fortunate and pampered animals.

To the left of the garden half hidden by a dense hedge of cedars, stands a summer house with lattice work walls in which the family

whenever practicable, took their meals ; for, as Mr. Chapman remarked to me one evening when my husband and myself with our small family were sitting at his hospitable board, "Everything tastes better out of doors". His religion not being of the ascetic kind, he "called nothing common or unclean" and food was a gift from God to be used wisely for the good of the body and to be taken with as much enjoyment as it could be brought to afford.

In the same way, he realized very fully the power for good which lay in recreation; "I would fiddle" he declared, "for the young people to dance until eleven o'clock, and then something would happen to the strings!" This love of genuine fun made him a welcome addition to all pleasure parties of which he was invariably the life and leading spirit; but deeper than all this lay his endeavour for the uplifting of Dudswell, which he tried to attain through more serious methods of education. He realized the absolute deficiency of a school system which looked to nothing beyond elementary knowledge, and he directed his efforts towards supplementing the rudimentary teaching of the local schools.

To this end, he arranged a series of lectures

which, during winter time, were held in the parish hall and given by various gentlemen of culture from neighbouring districts as well as from the Universities of McGill and Bishop's.

When stormy weather or personal reasons made it impossible for the appointed lecturer to keep his promise, the breach was always ably filled by the pastor himself. His range of subjects was far reaching and varied, as well as interesting; for books may be said to have been the only luxury he did not deny himself, not for selfish enjoyment alone, but also because he knew that if a man would lead, he must have the necessary equipment.

One of these substituted lectures was on "Love and Marriage" the occasion of it being a certain stormy day when Principal Adams, owing to defective train service, was unable to fulfil his obligations to the Marbleton audience. We are told that "the ladies who were prepared to feed the multitude, were nothing daunted by the untoward circumstances and persuaded an elderly gentleman who was the owner of a gun forged in the early sixties, to come to the lecturer's platform and shoot. The gun, though rusty and old, went off with a loud report, scatter-

ing shot all round. Several were hit, but not seriously wounded, only enough just about to have them remember the old gun. The character of the gun and its charge, will be better understood by what follows." What follows is given as a synopsis of the lecture from which we learn that the reverend gentleman believed in "the divine institution of marriage "as a promoter of the welfare of families and the prosperity of the State, and was therefore to be maintained with dignity by ministers and people. He disapproved of long engagements or hurriedly contracted ones, believing that "Love at first sight, ball-room and street matches" were generally sources of disappointment. "Love" he said, "is founded on esteem and is the result of intimate acquaintance and confidential intercourse and not to be confounded with desire, to which it bears no resemblance." According to him, the two evils to be avoided are getting married without reasonable prospect of making a living and the other being the extreme of raking and scraping for years with the false notion that marriage is wrong until a fortune has been made. Of a flirt he most thoroughly disapproved. "Flirts," he says, "have a

screw loose in their moral character and ought to be nibbled to death by tadpoles in a stagnant frog pond.”

About the year 1862, Mr. Chapman made a trip to the old country, visiting England, Scotland, Ireland and France.

Before starting on his journey, he made a careful estimate of what he thought the trip would cost him only to find on his return, that he had done more than most travellers are able to do and still had kept within the stated amount.

One day while walking the streets of London, he became very hungry and entered a small restaurant where, to his surprise, he was able to buy a bowl of soup and a thick slice of bread for the modest sum of one penny. A substantial repast such as this, could not, he knew well, be purchased in the prodigal land from whence he came for so small a sum and the incident remained a source of pleasurable wonderment to him.

With the cathedrals of England he was also greatly impressed, and several photographs of them which he purchased, were framed later and hung in the church hall at Marbleton where they may still be seen.

When crossing the Irish Sea, finding the

deck of the steamer a trifle cold, Mr. Chapman descended to the furnace room; and by so doing came within an ace of occupying quarters warmer even than he desired. An Irish stoker noticing his clerical garb asked if he were a priest. "Yes," said Mr. Chapman, "but not of the church of Rome", whereupon Pat—for of course that was the stoker's name—threatened to throw the minister into the furnace. So menacing was his look, that the priest of the Church of England deemed it wisest to retire; but next morning when all was bustle and confusion of landing, Pat appeared and the heretic divine went up to him saying, "Pat, will you accept a shilling to drink my health this fine morning?" at the same time tendering him the coin. Pat, quite overcome, muttered, "I forgive it all! I forgive it all!"

A pleasant contrast to this sinister episode he found in the pretty Irish girls whose winsome ways and smiling faces charmed him greatly.

On his return to Canada he prepared and gave many lectures to his interested congregation on the subjects of his travels. It is a thousand pities that we have no record

of these lectures for they must have contained much of interest as well as amusement, since laughter was the wine of life to this true optimist whose philosophy was so complete.

CHAPTER IX.

GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT

A SINCERE PATRIOT, loving the land of his birth with all his heart, he was yet able to recognise her shortcomings and desired to see them remedied. The good roads in England attracted his attention and pointed a painful contrast to the country roads of Dudswell. So, as soon as the time seemed auspicious, which unfortunately was not for some years, he instituted a movement for good roads in the townships. When the interest of the prominent residents of the district had been enlisted, meetings were arranged for at Sherbrooke and other centres to discuss this vital problem.

From observations made in the old country, Mr. Chapman had come to the conclusion that inadequate drainage, and too narrow cart wheels, were the chief factors in the

destruction of road beds; he therefore urged strongly the necessity for reform on these points in particular. "Good roads", said he, "to use a commercial expression, are a paying concern and every resident is a sharer in the benefit, while every industrial or commercial enterprise will be advanced by them. There is not a farmer or professional man but will feel their value. If our roads were properly formed and perfectly drained and macadamized with good gravel or crushed stone, we could at once double our loads, save much time, save wear to vehicles, avoid weariness to horse flesh on our journeys, —making travel a pleasure, increasing the value of the productions of our fields, forests and mines. Besides, the country would become beautiful and property more valuable, farming more profitable and life in the country more attractive to all classes of citizens. England and France have moved and now possess the finest roads in the world. The United States is moving, Ontario is moving, Quebec is beginning to wake up, and, if our local press will use its united power, our Eastern Townships need not bring up the rear."

At this time, well nigh eighty years old,

he made a tour of the Townships in the interest of the Good Roads Movement, receiving much encouragement, with the result that a Good Roads Association was formed having among its members all the most prominent men of the Townships. From the formation of this society it was but a step to the vast improvement in the roads of Dudswell and consequent increase in the prosperity of the community which was thus enabled to transport the products of the farms from one point to another without undue labour or risk.

One sultry morning in August 1896, Mr. Chapman rose at his usual early hour and set to work to mow the lawn. A few minutes later, his vigilant daughter followed to see that all was well with her beloved father and found him lying on the grass, conscious but unable to rise.

Mrs. Hunt and Dr. Macdonald were immediately summoned by phone, but before medical aid could reach him, the venerable minister had diagnosed his own condition and said to his daughters, "You may put away the scythe: I will never use it again!"

The doctor's verdict was "sunstroke" and for seven long weeks the devoted nurses were

obliged to keep an ice pack on the patient's head to allay the fever heat which seemed to be consuming his life and strength. However, adopting the motto of the father, they "stuck to the ship" and finally with the aid of two good physician-friends, succeeded in bringing back a measure of health to the patient. The doctors declared it was the pastor's good constitution which enabled him to pull through, while the nurses held that the physicians were chiefly responsible—but the visitors as onlookers, who are more likely to have been impartial, declared that success was achieved by means of all three factors, plus the patience of the invalid.

During the illness, fragments of the 3rd verse of the sixty-first Psalm "O set me up upon a rock that is higher than I." kept running in his mind until the Rev. Mr. Husband who was with him at the time located and read the verse, after which he was quite content.

In the fall when he was better, some of his old time energy returned and seeing his daughter Nellie engaged in packing apples, insisted on once more taking a hand in the operations. However—to head up one barrel was the sum of his capacity—the hammer

like the scythe had had its day so far as he was concerned.

In November, feeling that their father had gained in strength and themselves needing sorely some relaxation after their long period of nursing, Nellie and Carrie went to New York for a short visit, leaving Mr. Chapman to the care of his eldest daughter Mary, and a nurse.

The trip was destined to be short indeed for the invalid. In spite of daily letters, he pined to see his girls home again, fearing always that danger lurked for them in a strange city. This was the last occasion on which both the girls left him at one and the same time.

In December he would have attended the annual meeting of the St. Francis Deanery, held in Sherbrooke where he went in company with Carrie, but the journey proved too much for his failing strength and he was obliged to forego the meeting and return home.

The spring of 1907 proved trying to Mr. Chapman but in May he was considerably brightened up by the return from England of his granddaughter, Lewie Hunt, whose girlish gaiety and interesting description of English towns and scenes, some of which he himself

had visited, interested him greatly. His intellect was still clear and active at this time: proof of which we have in the two articles written by him during the year, one being, "Some reminiscences of Dr. Drummond," already quoted from, and a report of the lecture on Whitby Abbey given in the church hall by Mr. Silas Woodcock.

In the fall of 1907, his two granddaughters Lewie and Florrie Hunt went to England, their mother and brother Harold, leaving for British Columbia at the same time. As always, the grandfather was the guiding and directing spirit in the operations for departure; but in December of the same year he contracted a severe cold which necessitated his spending Christmas in bed. This, however, did not prevent him from sharing in the festivities, for all the presents were taken to his room and there opened by the fortunate recipients that he might share in the joys of giver and receiver alike.

In 1908 the birthday of the venerable Seer was fittingly celebrated by the entertainment of his oldest and most cherished friends, Mr. Newell Bishop, whom he admiringly termed "the learned Blacksmith"; Mr. Fairman Hall, alias the "Spirit of the Peak",

of whom mention has already been made, and Mr. J. R. Andrews, otherwise known as "the Dudswell Poet". Carrie Chapman writing of this event says: "The dear old man enjoyed the evening very much, as did the guests".

Shortly after the festive occasion, Mr. Chapman took another severe cold and was in bed for the best part of that winter. In the spring a decided change for the worse was noticed and Dr. Lynch of Sherbrooke was summoned, in consultation pronouncing the new symptoms to be due to the sunstroke of August 1906. But the days of Thomas Shaw Chapman, though numbered, were not yet spent and in the summer he was able to walk a good deal, which helped to relieve the nervous condition into which he had fallen. At times he walked further than his strength warranted and had often to be driven home in a more or less exhausted condition.

Christmas 1908 was spent by the renuitied family with Mrs. Hunt at the Brick House, and the next year seems to have passed off without special incident, the dear invalid growing more and more feeble and needing always more and more of the loving care

which only his own knew how to give him. With the advent of spring and milder weather, he rallied and was able to walk a little or take a gentle drive. He would often at this time, spend an hour or two beside his wife's grave, where a seat had been conveniently placed for him; and who can tell how close may have been the communion between those two at such time?

In August 1909 he was so far recovered as to be equal to taking a trip to Knowlton with his daughter Carrie, who, the preceding fall, had undergone a severe operation, in connection with which she had been advised to take treatment at the Knowlton Sanatorium.

Mrs. Hunt and Nellie Chapman were also of the party which seems to have meant renewed health to them as well as to the two invalids.

Around Brome Lake, Mr. Chapman took his first auto drive which he enjoyed very much, and with old-time interest in the welfare of humanity, he visited the Public Library and other institutions for the uplift of mankind.

On the return journey, the party enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Morrill,

of Sherbrooke, good friends who have since given proof to the bereaved family of the sincerity of their friendship.

Christmas 1909 was spent at home with the usual family observances as was also his 86th birthday in 1910. During that winter he contracted grippe and was so ill as to be dependent entirely on those around him; but in the spring of 1911 he again rallied, and during a visit of three weeks which I paid to Good Cheer Lodge in April, Mr. Chapman, though weak and unable for any physical exertion, was as bright and ready for a joke as in his palmiest days. One of those jokes was his pretended fear of widows and urgent need of a chaperone when "relicts" were around. In justice to these same it must be said, that the smile of welcome with which he greeted their approach, belied the severity of his words.

In May it was found necessary to move his bed downstairs so that when the weather was fine he might get out on the gallery without the effort which the stairs cost him.

His last visit to the little church at Marbleton was made on the occasion of the wedding of Dr. Fred Bradley and Miss Mabel Barker. The bride had always been a prime favourite

with the old man and he could not resist the desire to assist at her wedding, if only in the capacity of guest, This was, so to speak, his last public appearance.

Early in the summer, Nellie Chapman and some friends, went over to the cottage on Gypsy Island for a few days camping and it grieved the old woodsman that he could not be one of the party. Carrie, as usual the consoler, remained to care for him; and seeing his distress, with that loving diplomacy of which she is past master, made him believe that she was the invalid that day, and that being so, they must content themselves with pic-nicing at home on the front gallery. The ruse succeeded, the old man was comforted and they two enjoyed their make believe pic-nic to the full. This is only one instance out of many when Carrie Chapman's devotion and sympathetic understanding of her father, saved him from a pang which seemed inevitable. Her reward like her mother's may not be of this earth, but is none the less sure.

Later in the summer it was found possible to move Mr. Chapman over to the Lake Cottage where he spent ten days very pleasantly within reach of the lake he loved so

dearly and beneath the shelter of the tall pine trees.

On his 87th birthday, his friends organized a post card shower for him which was a source of great interest and joy. He called it his "Post Office Shower" and watched eagerly for what each mail would bring. The number of these offerings was enormous, showing that though in a sense he was out of the world, he was surely not forgotten by his friends.

His health varied from this time on; colds which he contracted easily being the chief cause of trouble. His 88th birthday, the last on earth, was spent in the usual pleasant manner, but by the end of the year, he was confined to bed and unable to sit up. His mind remained fairly clear up to this time and when he heard the bell ringing, he would ask the girls if they were going to church and then add: "I don't think I feel able to go to-day."

He enjoyed being read to and his busy nurses gratified this desire as often as their work permitted. Once when Carrie was reading aloud the 62nd Psalm and came to the last verse, "For thou rewardest every man according to his work", she said: "Father,

you are sure of a good reward, for your work has been well done"; to which he replied "I have driven nails and climbed up into scaffoldings and tried to do what I could", and then his voice broke and he could say no more,—his poor heart was so full.

On February the 22nd, 1912, he took a cold which proved to be his last illness, for he only lived a week longer, passing tranquilly away on the morning of February the 29th at 4.45. "His end was peace". At 1 A.M. he made a brave effort to swallow some brandy and water but the effort was too great and after that there remained nothing to do but to moisten his lips from time to time. Present at the death bed were the Rev. Mr. Kerr, at that time pastor of Marbleton, his granddaughter, Lewie Hunt, and his two daughters, Nellie and Carrie. From a letter written to me by the latter, I quote the following: "About two hours before the end came, I sang him his favourite hymn, 'There is a Blessed Home,' and he knew and understood; I could tell he knew by the change that came over his face, though he did not open his eyes. In the beginning of his illness, he asked me one day if, when the end came, I would be with him and read the last prayers

for him, commending his spirit to Almighty God; he said "I would rather have you than a clergyman—can you do it?" I said I would try. When the time came I had strength given to do it, with the Rev. Mr. Kerr's help. I wanted to keep my promise."

On Monday, the 4th of March, the funeral service was held in St. Paul's church at Marbleton, the following account of which is quoted from the Sherbrooke Record of that date:

"The mortal remains of the Rev. Thomas Shaw Chapman were laid to rest yesterday afternoon in the family lot of the village cemetery, beside the loved ones who had preceded him, near the church, and school home he had built with his own hands, and in the presence of the people of Marbleton and the surrounding township, and of friends from a distance who had assembled to pay their tribute of respect.

The funeral service was held at St. Paul's Church, the following clergymen officiating: Rev. I. N. Kerr, Rev. Canon Shreve, Rev. E. B. Husband, Rev. E. K. Wilson, Rev.

A. H. Robertson, Rev. J. B. Debbage, Rev. B. Watson and Rev. G. F. Le Gallais.

The musical part of the service was rendered by the choir of St. Paul's Church assisted by Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Gustafson, Miss Armitage and Mr. Scott Gilbert, of Sherbrooke. Mrs. Jenkerson presided at the organ.

Surrounding the coffin were many beautiful floral offerings from friends far and near.

At the close of the service the remains were conveyed to the cemetery, where the last rites were observed.

The bearers were Messrs. Henry Cunningham, James Hooker, Albert Rolfe, Edward Bennet, C. Weyland and Edwin Barker.

The mourners were: The Misses Chapman, Mr. Henry Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Lewie, Flora and Harold Hunt, Thomas, Edith and Oscar Chapman, of the immediate family; Mr. S. Chapman and Miss Bertha Chapman, Windsor Mills, nephew and niece; Mrs. H. Moe and Chas. Moe, Sherbrooke, cousins; R. Jamieson, Waterloo, cousin; Ernest Flanders, Sherbrooke, cousin.

Floral tributes were offered by the following: Quebec Central Railway Co., Victoria Lodge

of Masons, University of Bishop's College, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Barker, Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Gustafson, Mrs. Tuck, Rev. I. N. and Mrs. Kerr, St. Paul's Ladies' Guild, Junior Guild, Mr. and Mrs. H. Moe. Rev. E. B. and Mrs. Husband, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Morrill, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wiggett, Mrs. Doyle, Miss Eva Doyle, Mrs. G. Staples, Mr. Samuel Chapman, Miss Bertha Chapman, Mr. F. H. Woodcock, (Rhode Island); carnations from the daughters of the deceased and tulips from the grand children, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wigget, Ladies' Aid Society and Loyal Legion, Methodist Church, Bishop's Crossing.

Rev. Dr. Parrock, Principal of Bishop's College, and Messrs. H. Haig and Johnston, students, represented that institution, of which the late Mr. Chapman was the first graduate.

Mr. J. H. Walsh, general manager of the Quebec Central Railway, was present, representing his company which Mr. Chapman assisted so much in its early days. He was accompanied by Messrs. Farquhar, T. D. Walsh and Wilson of the Quebec Central staff.

A special train for the accomomodation

of mourners and friends left Sherbrooke at noon, returning after the funeral.

As a public recognition of Mr. Chapman's untiring zeal for the welfare of his parishoners, subscription was made for the erection of a beautiful stained glass window representing our Lord standing at the fast closed door. This was done on the evening of January the 20th, 1915, to the memory of these two noble people, as was also a beautiful Bible. The service was both bright and impressive, seven clergyman officiating. Rev. E. R. Roy, conducting the first part of the evening prayer, and the Rev. E. B. Husband the closing prayers, while the Revs. C. F. L. Gilbert and A. R. Reeves, read the lessons, and the Rev. Rural Dean Lewis the dedication. A sermon by the Rev. Principal Parrock of Bishop's College in which he reviewed the life of the late Mr. Chapman, drawing striking lessons from it and taking for his text, "The memory of the just is blessed."

After the church ceremony, an adjournment to the church hall was made where refreshments were served by the Ladies' Guild and speeches full of interesting reminiscences made by friends of the deceased;

and yet, we may safely say with one of the friends then present "The half has not been told."

That a friend, older and more valued than I, should have a first place in this humble record of a good man's life, seemed fitting; and to this same friend in deference and homage, I yield also the last. "The Seer of Silver Lake" was a tribute offered by Dr. Harper to his friend and read by the gifted author at the Dudswell Centennial—a gathering which was inaugurated to commemorate the hundredth year of what might be called the conscious life of the township of Dudswell in the development of which the venerable Seer had played so large and beneficent a part





THE SEER ON THE LAKE

THE SEER OF SILVER LAKE

INTRODUCTION

THE DUDSWELL centennial celebration, which occurred during the last year of the nineteenth century, had for its principal function the unveiling of a monument on or near the parcel of ground the first settler in the district is said to have selected as his farm. The district includes one of the extensive holmlands of the valley of the St. Francis, and forms part of the County of Wolfe, having within its limits the hamlets of Marbleton, St. Adolphe, Lime Ridge and Bishop's Crossing. The valley of the St. Francis, traversed by the international highway of the Quebec Central, forms one of the most attractive of tourist routes in Canada. Its eastern undulations, overtopped towards the south-east by the Megantic mountains; and spreading out, as they do, along the inner trend of the Stoke Range, present, when seen from the highway between Weedon and Marbleton, a subsidiary series of landscapes which no lover of nature, having once seen,

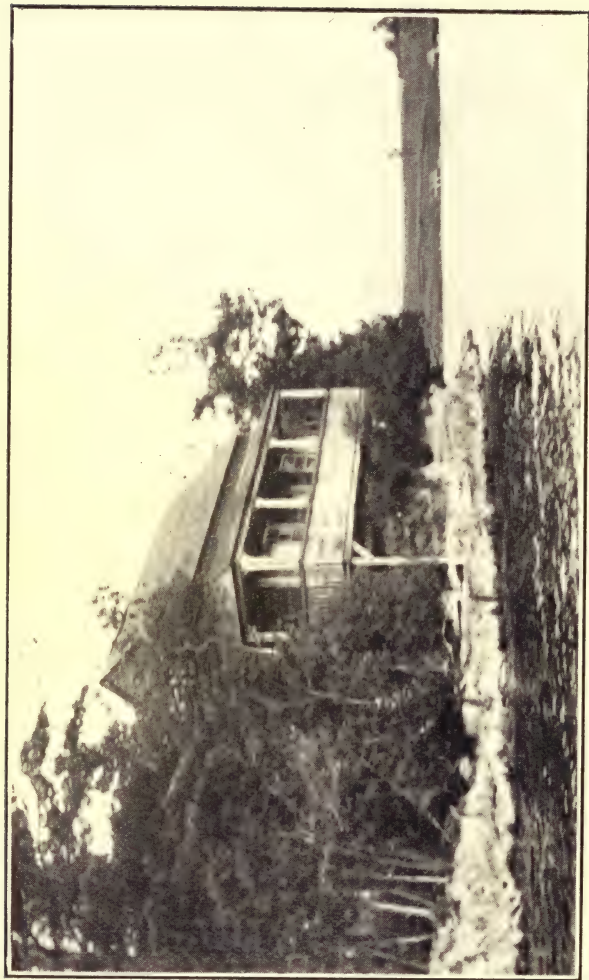
can well forget. The Dudswell valley proper has many elevated vantage grounds, from which glimpses can be had of the most charming bits of scenery; while from the club house of Bald Peak (now known as Mount Chapman) there is to be witnessed of a clear morning, a cyclorama of unsurpassed impressiveness. Standing out in the highly oxygenated atmosphere, on the exposed forehead of this the highest summit of the Stoke mountains, the knight of the alpenstock can readily verify the lesson he has been taught from his map or guide book, that the beautiful valley of the St. Francis is but the gateway to the lake region within the borders of Stanstead—a region rich enough in the picturesque to be a rival to the Trossachs and the sisterhood of Derwentwater.

And if the Dudswell vale forms a subsidiary beauty spot or offset to the picturesqueness of the valley of the St. Francis itself, the surroundings of Silver Lake, which is situated about a mile from Marbleton, may be recognized as the complement, in point of beauty, to the Dudswell vale. There really seems to be no charm of the picturesque wanting, in and around this body of water.

Within the near and yet seemingly remote sounds of civilized life, there is here provided for the wanderer in search of the peacefulness of nature communing with itself, a retreat the most charming and restful. And now that its topography has been defined, and its minor beauty spots named, there is beginning to spring up about it a literature of its own, that will no doubt in time render its romantic situation all the more attractive to the lover of nature.

The subjoined verses were recited by the author in the course of an address delivered to the audience of three thousand centennial celebrants, who had gathered in an ample grove a short distance from the monument. Their main purpose is merely to carry the conviction that the nearness of nature's sweetest charms can lead only temporarily to their neglect. The old lady, who had lived for sixty years within the sound of Niagara Falls, and yet could never be induced to visit them is not without her counterpart in many sections of our country even now. There is no time for star-gazing or the communing with nature, still repeat the utilitarians of the country store and annual fair. Porridge and politics with a little knowledge

of horseflesh are poetry enough for us, these seem to say. But as the tension of providing for the rations of mere existence happily becomes less and less, the pœans of the true patriotism that springs from knowledge must come to be heard in the remotest hamlet of our land, and its demands, for a literature higher than the wrangle of political partyism, be listened to everywhere. Nor until every hillside and valley in our common country reflects the genius and hero-worship of its sons and daughters — with here and there a song or poem, a morsel of history, a romantic tale or a bit of folklore sown broadcast in the hearts of the people—shall we out of our newness fashion the love of country that endureth, the patriotism that has in it no element of make believe.



THE CLUB HOUSE ON SILVER LAKE

THE SEER OF SILVER LAKE

Within the sheen of Silver Lake,
With drowsy nature just awake,
The Seer sat musing, a summer's day,
And the echoing past hummed roundelay
In the haze of his wistful soul:

“Some say, they are fled,
Or living or dead;
And yet they are here,—
The days of the distant,
Thought-throbbing and near,
Like the days of our instant.
If robbed of their cares,
They still claim our tears
And hold us in solemn control.”

'Tis the song of a dream,' the philosopher said,
And he waited a moment to hear the song fade,
Like the breath of a zephyr becalming the lake;
When into his dreams, as forth from the brake,
A maidenly form, in gossamer grey.
With tints in her mien like the dawn of the day,
Drew near—half-confessed the queen of the valley,
And winsomely spoke, making greeting a sally.

'Whence is it now,' the fair one said
'Since all your prophecies come true,
Your sunshine hath so much of shade,
You care so little for the new ?
These years bear harvest manifold
As earnest of the toils of old.'

* * * * *

'These years are yours,' the sage replied,
'Though who you are, 'tis hard to say:
My years are where the past has died,
Yours in the joy that is to-day;
Each to his own, there's no bewail,
Whate'er the burden of your tale.

* * * * *

'My tale is one already read,
Well known to you, well known to all;
Stand on the crown of Bald Peak's head
And read it in the smiling vale;
Or, while you climb, pause in the brake,
And mark the glass of Dudswell Lake.

'Its mirror reads us horoscope,
You say, of years begot of toil,
To me its mirror reads the hope,
Of what is best, despite the ill;
The beautiful, the good, the true,
Are ever an enjoyment due.

'Where sleeps the giant laid to rest,
Safe from the wassail of his time,
Where runs the mountain's curving crest,
Within a line of heights sublime,
Megantic greets the swelling vale,
While neighboring peaks reflect the call.

'All reckless from the bosky glades,
A hundred brooklets sembling peace,
Steal beauty in their madcap raids,
From every farmland's honest face,
Till all their prattling growing meek.
The great St. Francis' bed they seek.

'The hamlets answer from the plains
Their labour-song the livelong day,
The brotherhood of man disdains
No shelter in their pastimes gay,
Each ingleside within the glen
Joins chorus in the sweet amen.'

* * * * *

'A moment mine,' the sage returned
'If that's your tale, I know it well,
These thoughts of yours have long been
burned,
Within my soul; no need to tell
What every echo silvered here
Has whispered in my willing ear.

'Whence you have come, or how or why,
Perchance 'tis not for me to know,
Your winsome words give safe reply,
That in your train there is no foe,
To us within this hallowed nook,
Where nature's face is worship's book.'

The maiden sprite returned no word
But stood as if for instant flight,
'Stay, fair one, and disarm discord
By bearing with an old man's right;
He seeketh warrant for the strange,
As questive science sifteth change.

'You know the valley, so do I,
Our converse thus hath common ground,
Let garrulous years subdue the sigh
That seeks for what may not be found;
I love the vale and so do you,
And love gives warrant to the true.'

* * * * *

'If truth, the inner truth, may come
To mortal mind that woos the truth,
Perchance may fall the fatal crumb
That maketh knowledge lose its youth;
Who am I? ask ye; ah, beware,
Think ye, to tell you I may dare?'

The maiden raised her arm on high,
Symmetric flash within the sheen,—
Then swept her hand across the sky:
'I am the symbol of this scene:
Hath nature ought within her realm
Like this the soul to overwhelm?

'Free on the strand of Gipsy Isle,
With silver here and ripple there,
Laved by an essence volatile,
That fires the breath of common air,
The soul becalmed is filled with love
Of all that shareth earth's alcove.

'Within the curves of Echo Bay,
Flitting about at evening's close,
From every glade comes holiday
Of voices seeming friends or foes,
Mimic or gnostic, who can tell,
While yet the listener's under spell?

'Or blessed by gloaming's wondrous gift
Of making love to stone or tree,
There comes to human heart uplift
The old, old story near the lea
Of Eagle Rock, where hastes the burn,
To court the village in its turn.

'Silent the skiff my hand can guide
Round every fringing shore and reach,
Instant the charm where'er I glide,
From point to point, from beach to beach,
From Outlook Grove to Punch Bowl Bay
I flit about both night and day.'

* * * * *

Surprised, the sage stood up and said,
Leaning on staff with both his hands,
'The dream of love can never fade,
Since this your home our love demands,
As age permits, I thee entreat
To give me ear in your retreat:

'Rough in thy beauty, woodland glebe and glen,
Rock-teeming, chaos-tossed, I greet again,
Thy sweeping majesty of peak and range,—
Upheaval left us from a world of change.
O valley of my youth! the pioneer,

Amid thy wildering shelter sought career.
In search of home near lake or river side,
The hope of freedom joined him as a guide,
Shedding the scattered light of Eden's bloom
Around his dubious toils. The lingering gloom
Of unrequited expectation failed
To palsy effort, though perchance it paled
The era of beginnings, setting back
The sowings now maturing. If I lack
The faculty of words in giving cheer
To thee and thine, as year begetteth year,
My love as thine makes home a meed of days,
The now a shelter for the past always.'

The quavering solo of the Seer's acclaim
Broke weirdly through the silence, till there came,
The sound of many voices, choiring near
The grove athwart the meadow. Cheer on cheer
Awoke the echoes, and the Sage's dream
Took instant flight, amid the gossamer gleam
Of village maidenhood, more tangible by far
Than lakeside musings or a queenly sprite's cymar .



TOPOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

Silver Lake is a small serpentine shaped body of water lying about a mile to the northwest of the village of Marbleton on the highway between Lime Ridge and South Ham. The approach to it is through the straggling hamlet of St. Adolphe, and by means of a bridge that crosses its outlet. This outlet widens out into a lakelet at the time of high water, and eventually narrows into Millstream Burn which flows through Marbleton and provides water power for its solitary sawmill. The lake itself, which is not more than a mile and a half in length, is fed by several streams, the largest joining its waters at the head of Punch Bowl Bay. When one has crossed the bridge at the outlet, and walks across Boathouse Strand, the most prominent bit of landscape includes the Trois Sœurs, a group of thickets strikingly alike, two of them forming Gipsy Island and the third making a promontory from the mainland. The surroundings include a height of land

to the west which runs from Punch Bowl clearing along the Prophet's Walk to Echo Ridge, and a second height of land to the north which culminates across the marble quarries in Maple Ridge. A commodious club house has been erected on the largest of the Trois Sœurs, and in its vicinity there is ample scope for bathing, fishing and boating. The names not specially referred to in the text of the poem are: Meadow Cove between Gipsy Isle and the sloping meadows of Maple Ridge Farm, the scene represented as having been lit up with "the gossamer gleam of village maidenhood" as the seer awoke from his day-dream. Poplar Beach is the designation given to the northern shore line of the lake, taking its name from the grove of poplars that run as far as Punch Bowl Bay. Right opposite the club house is the Seer's Retreat, which lies behind and beyond the bluff of well weathered limestone jutting out into the lake that has been called from early times Gibraltar Point. One can imagine no spot so unique wherein to enjoy the "*dolce far niente*" of a summer's holiday as Silver Lake and its surroundings.



LAKESIDE COTTAGE, GYPSY ISLAND

“SINCE ALL YOUR PROPHECIES COME
TRUE.”

To those who may conjecture that the Seer had really a “local habitation and a name” in Dudswell in earlier or later times, this may seem to be a poetic license since the local prophet is subject to the law of frailty, “*humanum est errare*,” just as is any ordinary person. The locality has not been without a fame for its weather forecasts, but the reference here is only to the fulfilment of the pioneer’s prognostications that the natural resources of the district gave early promise of the better times of to-day.

DUDSWELL LAKE.

This body of water lies near the centre of the populated part of the parish of the same name, a little more than half way from Marbleton to Bishop’s Crossing. It is about two miles in length and not more than half a mile wide at its broadest part. It is fed by two streams, which have their origin in the Stoke Mountains. Near its outlet, where its waters are drawn off to swell the

St. Francis, is to be identified the spot where John Bishop, the first settler, planted his willow alpenstock when he made choice of a slope running down to the edge of the lake as a serviceable site for a family homestead. The stout walking-stick of the sturdy pioneer has grown into a wide-spreading twin-stemmed gnarled old tree, whose shadows even now fall, like "a mantle of protection," over the centennial monument at the meeting place of three of the more important highways of the parish.

"WHERE SLEEPS THE GIANT LAID TO REST."

A bit of Dudswell folk-lore carries us back to prehistoric times when there were giants in the land. The Megantic Range has the semblance of a recumbent human shape, as seen from the western side of the St. Francis valley. And the story is told that "the giants of old," while the forces of nature were still in their infancy, were accustomed to meet for a carousal in the vicinity of Silver Lake, where the potency of their "firewater" could conveniently be reduced by the spark-

ling waters of that beautiful spring-fed reservoir. A huge boulder, weathered out into the form of a mammoth cup, and which is still to be seen in a thicket at the extreme end of the lake, seems to be the foundation of the story, which puts on record that the giant of Megantic, after one of these periodic outbursts, had much difficulty in wending his way home-ward, and when he had crossed the ford of the Salmon River quietly lay down to sleep off the effects. The long sleep of death, however, overtook him before the morning; and the baby forces of nature, like the robins in the "Babes of the Woods," hiding away his transgression, with his huge body made a sarcophagus for him out of his luckless couch, which is still to be seen overtopping the height of land on the eastern side of the St. Francis valley.

"THE GREAT ST. FRANCIS."

The St. Francis is the longest of the three great water channels that drain the Eastern Townships. If Lakes Aylmer and Weedon are to be considered the expansions of this stream, it may be said to have its rise in the body of water of the same name near the

southwest corner of the County of Beauce. Its upper course is in the County of Wolfe, which it leaves a few miles north-east of Lennoxville. The picturesque limits of Bishop's College at Lennoxville include the outer peninsula at the confluence of the Massawippi with the parent stream, while at the city of Sherbrooke, three miles lower down, the Magog rushes with headlong pace to swell its tide still further. The valley of the Massawippi thus provides an easy entrance to the lake region, while the Magog provides another by way of the majestic Mount Orford. The beauties of Dudswell and Marbleton may thus be said to stand at the gateway to the Highlands of the south, the Boston and Maine Railway taking advantage of the one route and the Canadian Pacific Railway the other, as they diverge from Lennoxville and Sherbrooke. Speaking of the St. Francis as a whole, it is over one hundred miles in length, with a navigation interrupted throughout nearly its whole course by falls and rapids. The canoeist can find no more charming course for a summer's communing with nature than the channel of the St. Francis with its many meadow-covered islands, romantic reaches, mantling groves, and rugged hillsides.

“WHERE NATURE’S FACE IS WORSHIP’S BOOK.”

The cult that leads from nature to nature’s God is as old as man himself.

“THE FATAL CRUMB.”

The getting of understanding is the healthful process of the true living. And so is it with the search after truth. To the sage who thinks he has found the truth, the search for knowledge loses its savour.

“GIPSY ISLE.”

This island or rather islet, presents an aspect not unlike that of Ellen’s Isle in Loch Katrine, covered as it is with a tapering grove of spruce and maple. From the strand to the club house is but a couple of minutes’ walk, and from the spacious gallery of the latter the best view of the lake is to be seen all the way from the Outlet to Punch Bowl Bay. At the extreme end of Gipsy Island, there is a narrowing of the woodland, with the thicket cleaned of its underbrush; hence the name Outlook Grove.

“ECHO BAY.”

When twilight shrouds the shores, and the atmosphere is in a condition of equipoise, there is a very distinct echo from the height of land to the west, the presiding genius being full of quips and gnomie-like utterances. Between Gipsy Island and Echo Bay, in the waters immediately in front of the landing place to the club house, a tragedy occurred many years ago, by which a young lad lost his life. His father and he were directing a boat while moving from the one end of the lake to the other, possibly trolling for bass or dory, when the lad who was at the front suddenly disappeared. The father became apprised of the accident only when the boat began to run round in a circle. When he looked back, his son was nowhere in sight. The oar had evidently struck the lad overboard, stunning him as he fell into the water. It was not until some days after that the body was recovered.

“EAGLE ROCK.”

This is a boulder-like bluff nearer the outlet than the Seer's Retreat. Receiving

its name from having been the casual resting-place of the larger birds found in the vicinity, it may be looked upon as one of the favourite resorts of the Seer of the poem. A little to the east there is a smooth shelving rock sloping towards a bathing pool, the favourite resort of the strong swimmers of the village. To show his prowess, one of these one day swam all the way from Punch Bowl Bay to within the confines of Eagle Rock, being careful of course like Byron when he swam the Hellespont, to have a boat accompany him. Possibly this incident and the experiences of the lover whom Byron sought to imitate led the writer of the above verses to make of Eagle Rock a favourite trysting place for more modern lovers, and induced the figure of the relationship of love between the village and its favorite stream.

“BALD PEAK’S HEAD.”

There is a fair waggon road to within two miles of this height, after which there is a winding footpath to the very top, 2640 feet above sea level, where has been erected a comfortable club house and outlook. From the summit on a clear day the landscape is

to be seen circling around the spectator seventy miles from his standpoint in every direction. The temperature seldom goes higher than 70° in the shade, while the pure exhilarating air gives appetite to the visitor not only for the beautiful but for the three square meals as well. There is a possibility that in the near future a sanatorium may be organized which shall have one of its outposts on the top of this mountain, the main hotel being built on the slopes leading down to Meadow Cove on Silver Lake. With these two retreats in hand Marbleton and Dudswell would no doubt become in time two of the favourite summer resorts of Canada.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

This function which had been looked forward to with very much interest, came off on Wednesday, the 29th of August, 1900. The weather was all that could be desired, the grove in which the chief event of the day occurred being an ideal one. The celebrants thronged from all parts of the district, including the subscribers, whose names are elsewhere entered in a list, and many others. Bishop Laroque, of Sherbrooke, unveiled the

monument, and the Rev. T. S. Chapman, of Marbleton, delivered the oration of the day. In the course of his address he gave the history of the district in these words:—“At the time of the American Revolutionary war, John Bishop, of the town of Moncton, Addison County, State of Vermont, was taken prisoner by the British and carried to Quebec. It appears that during a lengthened captivity his uniform good conduct and obliging behaviour so far won upon the good will of those in charge of the prison that, as a mark of approbation and particular favor, he was granted access to books, and was likewise assisted in the study of mathematics, for which he had a decided taste. Naturally gifted with a quick and retentive memory, and being of an observant and enquiring nature, he readily saw that in patiently resigning himself to the necessities of the situation, and improving his opportunities to the utmost of his ability, he was fitting himself to meet any emergency that might arise. By these means he acquired a knowledge of the science of land-surveying, which after his return home was turned to practical account. He followed his profession for

several years in Vermont, during which time he married and settled in life, but at length decided on a removal to Canada. As he was passing through Montreal on his way home from his captivity, his attention was attracted by an advertisement offering a township to any person who would start a colony of forty families as actual settlers and survey a township of land ten miles square. Having had his house in Moncton burned by British soldiers, and his property destroyed, he decided to try his fortune in the Canadian wilderness, and chose or had assigned to him the township of Dudswell, now the County of Wolfe, then an extensive portion of the waste of the County of Buckingham; and here, on this beautiful hill, overlooking the lake, he founded his colony, while the wilderness was still a hunting ground of the Algonquin Indians, and the native forest well stocked with bears, wolves and other wild animals."

PIONEER SETTLER'S FAMILY ROMANCE.

Before proceeding to the narration of the settlement of Dudswell, a few words relating

to the family history of the founder may not be out of place. John Bishop was a descendant of James Bishop, the first of the name in America, who, while in England had won the love of a titled lady; but although talented as his subsequent career proved him to be, his marriage with her was forbidden by her parents. At a stolen interview it was agreed that he should go to America, she being to follow as soon as possible. Soon after his departure, therefore, she collected her valuables in a large oaken chest, and managed to get on board a ship bound for America; and her ship out-sailing his, she was the first to greet him on his arrival at Plymouth. They married and resided there for a time, but upon the settlement of Connecticut they removed to New London, in that State, where he became secretary to the Governor of the colony, and after the death of the Governor acted in his stead for a short time. From there the family, or some members of it, removed to Moncton, where the oak chest referred to was kept as a heirloom until the burning of John Bishop's house, when it was destroyed.

PIONEER DAYS.

The settlement of the township of Dudswell is best described in the words of John Bishop's eldest son, the late Amos Bishop, J.P. He says:—"About the 14th of September, 1880, my father, with his wife and family and seven children, started from Moncton, County of Addison, State of Vermont, for Canada, a journey of 150 miles, with a span of horses and waggons and two horses and saddles, driving three cows and carrying suitable provisions and bedding. We travelled four, six and ten miles a day for three weeks, arriving at our home in Dudswell, October 4th, 1800, my father having previously visited the spot and planted potatoes, turnips, melons and corn, which had grown in great abundance, so that we had enough to last through the winter, also oats and millet for fodder. We were obliged to leave our wagon near the line between Stanstead and Hatley, with some of our goods, which we afterwards brought on horseback. We had to cut out logs and trees from the road, wade rivers and streams, cut new roads around mud holes, and to hire help to get past bad

places in the road before we left our waggon. There was no settlement north of us for sixty or seventy miles, and to the south only two small settlements at the Upper and Lower Forks, now called Lennoxville and Sherbrooke. We made a mortar mill in which to grind corn for bread and puddings, which answered a good purpose, and caught fish, partridges and rabbits to be a help to our food supply, and during the winter father journeyed to Vermont bringing back supplies. In the spring he went to get the necessary irons for a mill, but on his way home he was stricken down with a fever which after a long illness proved fatal, dying on the 20th day of August, 1801, in the 54th year of his age. Before his death Mr. Main had come with his family and with his assistance a coffin was made out of boards hewn from pine logs, and with the aid of an auger was put together with wooden pins. There was no clergyman near, or to be had, and the only funeral service was my mother's prayers."

This distressing calamity fell with overwhelming force upon the helpless family he had left behind, and the sad event had the unhappy effect of disarranging the entire plans for the settlement so auspiciously

begun. Much of Mr. Bishop's success in obtaining the required number of associates (forty actual settlers) had been owing to his personal popularity as a man of energy, ability and integrity, qualities that gave him great influence. Unfortunately, his death took place at a time when the stability of the settlement was by no means assured; just at the critical period that required the assistance of his soundness of judgment and decision of character. The conditions by which the charter of the township was to be obtained had not to any great extent been complied with, yet several families had moved on to the property in good faith, and many others had pledged themselves to do the same. The associates whose names are obtainable are: Naphale Bishop, five brothers of the name of Barnum, Thos. Farlan, David Ferris and Champion Smith. But now that the leader in whom all confided, was gone, the whole enterprise seemed broken. In this doubtful state of the business, Naphtale Bishop, a younger brother of the deceased, came forward to assume the charge of his late brother's affairs, and after much embarrassment and delay, succeeded in obtaining a grant of one quarter of the township by which

means titles to the lands that had been settled upon were confirmed to the occupant. To resume the narration of the late Amos Bishop, "words fail to describe the hardships through which we passed during the earlier days of our life in Canada, but the providence that watches over the widow and the fatherless never quite forsook us."

THE SETTLEMENT'S GROWTH.

"In the course of time other colonists came to share the fortunes of the brave hearted pioneer so that at the time of the earliest census of this township taken in the year 1825, there were 27 families and 161 souls. Schools were started and religious services occasionally held, although there was no resident minister until an Episcopal clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Chapman himself) was appointed on the 8th of March, 1850, and shortly after the first church in the township was erected at the village of Marbleton. During the latter part of Ernest Bishop's life he caused the body of his father, the founder of the colony, to be removed from its resting place on this farm, to yonder cemetery overlooking the south end of the

beautiful sheet of water at our feet, known as Dudswell Lake. When we consider the improvements that have been made in this township, the building of the Quebec Central Railway, and soon after the opening of the inexhaustible lime quarries at what is now known as Lime Ridge, the opening of the flag-stone quarries, and the building of the Maine Central Railway, and consider the facilities we now enjoy for receiving news from all parts of the world, and also our education privileges, it is a matter of wonder that the pioneer settlers were so intelligent and well-informed as they were, as proved by letters and memorials in possession of their descendants. The remembrance of these things should be an inducement to the young people of the present day to make the most of their superior opportunities, so that at the close of well spent useful lives they may be able to account satisfactorily for the talents given them."

Among the other speakers on the occasion were His Lordship the Bishop of Sherbrooke, the Hon. William Sawyer, of Sawyerville; Mr. M. T. Stenson, M.P. for Richmond and Wolfe; Mr. C. C. Cleveland, ex-M.P., Danville; Mr. R. H. Pope, M.P., Cookshire; Dr.

Harper, Mr. J. A. Chicoyne, M.L.A. for Richmond and Wolfe; Mr. J. H. Crapeau, Warden of the County; Mr. P. S. G. Mackenzie, and Mr. W. E. Jones, Richmond, and Mr. F. Hall, Dudswell.

The following are the names of the members of the committee to whom great credit is due for the success of the celebration: Messrs. N. W. Bishop, president; Rev. T. S. Chapman, vice-president; F. W. J. Glasscock, secretary; A. G. Bishop, H. Cunningham, G. M. Willard, H. G. Bishop, J. J. Bishop, F. Hall, J. Cunningham, J. R. Andrews, E. F. Orr, J. A. Chicoyne, L. Gilbert, Geo. Lindley, J. B. Hooker, J. B. Nadeau.

Among the guests were:—His Lordship Bishop Larocque, of Sherbrooke; Rev. Mr. Chapman, Marbleton; Rev. E. P. Husband, Marbleton; Dr. Harper, Inspector of Superior Schools, Quebec; C. C. Cleveland, ex-M.P. for Richmand and Wolfe; Mr. W. E. Jones, Richmond; Mr. H. B. Speér, Cookshire; Messrs. E. Delude and Geo. Biron, delegates from Lake Weedon; Mr. J. H. Crapeau, Warden County of Wolfe; Mr. Peter Vaston, Garthby; Mr. F. X. Frechette, Wolfestown; Mr. Wm. Sawyer, Sawyerville; Mr. Champeau, Stratford; Mr. Arprand, Weedon; Mr. Genest

Sherbrooke; Mr. Merrill, Pawtucket, R.I.; Mr. P. S. G. Mackenzie and Mr. S. Fraser, Richmond; Rev. Father Seguin, Lennoxville; Rev. J. A. R. Plomondon, East Angus; Rev. P. Brassard, Weedon; Rev. Father Brussiere, St. Adolphe; Mr. Chappeau, St. Camille; Mr. Parsons, Wolfestown: Mr. Depres, Weedon, etc.



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